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SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into a ward of the whitewashed halls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's Darling was borne one day—
Somebody's Darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow,
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's Darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush all the wandering waves of gold,
Cross his hands on his bosom now,
Somebody's Darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take,
They were somebody's pride you know;
Somebody's hand hath rested there,
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in their waves of light?

God knows best! he was somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above
Night and morn on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him—
Yearning to hold him again to their heart;
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's Darling slumbers here."

THE WHITE GIPSY;

OR,

The Avenging Track of the Escaped Convict.

A ROMANCE OF CITY AND FOREST.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MURDER AT FORTNESS LODGE.

The scene which met the eyes of Cora and her companion was one to which they had long been accustomed, but which to a stranger would have been remarkably interesting. In the centre of the sheltered hollow blazed a bright fire, casting aloft red tongues of flame, which almost licked the branches above, and cast a ruddy glow over the frosted ground, the leafless trees, and the faces of the rude people around. Upon the hard soil the gipsies had cast clothes of various kinds, and had seated themselves to partake of a meal; which, judging from the peculiar joviality apparent in their countenances, was of a more than usually generous nature. Here a man [illegible] length smoking his pipe, and grumbling out snatches of some Bacchanalian ditty. Here a young fellow was sitting with his head resting on the shoulder of some maiden with bright eyes and brown skin, and long raven tresses falling in wild luxuriance over her shoulders. Here was a woman suckling a baby—here an old dame smoking, or looking listlessly at the fire—there a little girl passing round from one to another, and helping them to portions of hot grog. It was a scene which an artist would have loved to paint. A scene rich in coloring and contrast—the cold, leafless trees—the bright fire—the dreary aspect of nature—the gleaming eyes of the women, the rude faces of the men, and the variegated dresses of all.

For some weeks before, the aged Queen of the Gipsies had been ailing. She was upwards of ninety, and for a long time had ceased to take an active superintendence in the affairs of the tribe. Every moment she had been expected to give up the ghost; and on that evening, while Bamfylde was absent, she had died. It may appear strange that, with the body of the deceased Queen lying near them, the gipsies should indulge in such undisguised merriment. But they were like the French. When the King dies they cry—"*Le roi est mort!—vive le roi!*"

And so, having long decided in their own minds that Bamfylde was to be their chief, they shouted as he approached them, "Long live the King of the Gipsies!" The addition of Cora's name was but spontaneous.

It was a strange thing that these men and women belonging to a foreign race—Bohemians, the wanderers of the world—should have thought of one as their king who belonged to the white race—a race which, from their cradle, they learn to regard as their enemies, and the natural butt of their revilings and depredations. But from earliest youth Bamfylde had been amongst them—had been one of themselves, had led them in their marauding expeditions, and delivered them from danger. He was the boldest among the bold, the most just among the just, the most generous among the generous, and had won for himself the admiration, the love, and the confidence of those around him. He had found them a lawless, desperate gang, who were willing to destroy life for the sake of plunder, and who were constantly rendering themselves amenable to the capital laws of the country. By dint of his example and his influence, however, he had changed the order of things; and at the time we now speak of they were truly a band of wild marauders, but not one of them was a murderer.

Yet stay. In this we are wrong.

Among the band was a fellow called Yvan, one of those who had assisted in rescuing Bamfylde in his escape from the cage at Farborough. He was no friend, however, to Bamfylde now. He saw, with jealousy, his growing power. Having fostered in his own mind the idea that, as the old Queen was childless, he might aspire to the chieftainship of the tribe, and when he beheld his own chances of the leadership fading away, he formed gradually a clique of wild spirits like himself. The object of this clique was to proclaim Yvan king, and restore the old regime of lawless depredations. For some years this clique had been in existence; but up to the moment of the old Queen's death, no opportunity for action had arrived. Now, however, when the cry resounded through the glen—the cry of "Long live the King of the Gipsies!"—the lawless Yvan and his followers regarded it as the commencement of the era of action. The first act of open hostility to him, as being in direct violation of his express orders, was not difficult of discovery. He had been for some years the representative of the aged Queen, and in accordance with his directions the band never committed a burglary, never attacked poor persons, never destroyed human life. They contented themselves with pilfering farm-yards (always restricting themselves to a certain proportion of their contents), fishing in forbidden streams, telling fortunes and stopping travelers on the King's highway. By his prudence in the conduct of these matters, the resources of the tribe were kept in a flourishing condition without imperilling the lives or the liberties of its members. A scheme had, however, suggested itself to Yvan, which would enrich himself and his immediate friends, while it would at the same time place him in direct opposition to Bamfylde.

Near Carew House stood the residence of Captain Minton, a man of some wealth, who was known to possess a variety of curious Indian jewelled relics, and also plate, which he always kept on the premises. The Captain and his family were now at Carew House, where they had been accommodated, like the other guests, with beds. The house, therefore, was under the care of three servants—two maids and a gardener—the others being in attendance on the family. It was this house—Fortness Lodge, as it was called—that Yvan and his followers had determined to attack; and they only waited for the hour when Bamfylde would be asleep, to set out on their expedition.

Bamfylde stood by the fire, holding Cora's hand. A smile of quiet pleasure was on his lip.

"Comrades—dear friends!" he said; "if you have chosen me as your leader, I can but thank you the more, because I am not one of your people, and because you have associated with my name that of my dear sister here, who is also one of my race. As one of you, I have ever endeavored to be among you in the hour of danger, and to be jolly with you in the hour of festivity. As your King, I shall not fail you. But tell me what mean your words? Is the Queen dead?"

"She is!" cried Yvan. "She died three hours since."

"We have to move to-night," replied Bamfylde; "let us bury her."

Yvan felt a pang of angry regret.

Move! Just at the moment when he was about to attempt a grand marauding expedition. This must not be.

"Whither are we going?" he asked.

"To Fortness Wood."

Yvan's eyes brightened.

This was within half a mile of the Lodge—the object of his expedition.

The burial of a body so soon after decease, and in unconsecrated ground, was then a general practice with the gipsies. They were so constantly driven from one spot to another, and so averse to any interference from others, that they buried their dead within three or four hours after decease, and sometimes immediately it was distinctly and positively ascertained that the person was no more. So the grave was dug at once, and with two feet of earth over her, the old Queen of the Gipsies was laid to rest, the men standing round leaning on their guns, the women chanting a kind of dirge. Then, when the ground had been trodden down, and a rude cross placed to indicate the spot, they proceeded to strike the tents and move. At eleven o'clock the whole of the tribe had left Carew House, and moved to Fortness Wood.

It was midnight when Yvan and his four friends left the tents, and proceeded across the frosty country towards the Lodge. The moon had hidden itself behind a pile of snow-laden clouds, and a dense darkness therefore hung over the earth. They had, as I have said, but half a mile to go in order to reach the house. This half-mile lay along a gloomy, lonely road, and thence over meadow lands to the outskirts of the grounds. There was little likelihood of their being watched or even observed. If they had been, their fate would have been sealed, as but a mile beyond stood Fortness Barracks, where a regiment of the line was quartered. Part of this force could have been brought to the Lodge in half an hour by the horse patrol. But no one saw them. Undisturbed, therefore, they passed across the dark fields, and scaling the high palings which separated them from the gardens, made towards the house. The custodian whom they had most to fear, was dead; for the watch-dog had received from Yvan's hands, that morning, a piece of poisoned meat, and he now lay stiff and cold in the yard. The gipsy had calculated that he would die at night, so that the fact of his decease would not be known, and no suspicion would be excited. He was wrong, the dog died during the evening, and the gardener, who had upon a previous occasion to defend the house against thieves, at once suspected that Fortness Lodge had been again selected by robbers as the object of attack. Across the velvety lawn, frosted with the icy gems of winter, the gipsies crept noiselessly, and approaching the front door, at once commenced their operations without even troubling themselves to see if they were watched. They were here baffled. The lock soon yielded to their experienced efforts; but the door swung back upon hinges so strong, and was confined by chains so massive, that it would have taken hours to force them.

"They have expected us," muttered Yvan. "We must try the windows."

Along one side of the Lodge ran a broad verandah, and by dint of great exertions the five gipsies at length reached this, and Yvan, kneeling down and operating upon one of the large panes of glass, had soon secured a passage for himself and his followers. Evidently, here the inmates were not prepared for them. They soon stood in the large drawing room of Fortness Lodge. On the other side was the dining-room, where all the plate was kept, and beyond that the Captain's study, where he preserved his Indian relics. They crossed the room, their steps falling noiselessly over the soft carpet. The door was ajar, so was that of the dining-room, and they soon had collected in bundles the best of the massive plate. Then they crept into the study beyond. Impunity made them bold, and they turned the lantern on full while they worked.

At length, after they had filled their pockets with rare and costly gems, they were preparing to leave, when, on turning round, they saw that their retreat was cut off. In the doorway stood three figures.

Whether they were men or women they could not tell, for they were all three wrapped in cloaks; but what they did see was that each held a pistol.

The gipsies adopted their usual stratagem. They darkened their lanterns, and drawing their long knives, made a rush at the door. The servants made but a feeble resistance: they were roused to action by fear of their master's anger; but when they saw the five ill-looking men, their hearts sank within them. When the gipsies rushed at them, the three fired and retreated. But unfortunately for her, the cloak of one of the maid-servants entangled itself in Yvan's arm, and being slightly wounded already, and fancying she was grappling with him, he stabbed at her, and she fell with a shriek, bathed in blood which welled from a deep wound in her breast.

The gipsies, finding that their opponents had at length yielded to them, took each a bundle, dropped into the grounds, and made off towards their haunt, which they reached about two hours before sunrise. When the robbers were fairly gone, the gardener and the remaining servant procured lights, and hurried to the scene of the disaster. There they found the girl lying dead.

Hubert, the gardener, did not think twice as to what was to be done. He left the girl's body where it was, and directing the other maid to dress herself quickly, and keep in her room until he returned, he dressed and rushed off towards the barracks. He was at once admitted into the guard-room, where he was well known.

"Ah, Hubert!" cried Corporal Jenkins, who was warming himself before a blazing fire; "what is the matter with you? You are as pale as a sheet! What are you doing out at this time of night?"

With a scared look and in hurried accents, the man told his story.

"Ah!" said Jenkins, as he rose; "you have done wrong. You should have sent here when you found the dog poisoned. We would have settled the rascals."

"I did not expect them to come in such numbers," returned Hubert.

"Did you recognise any of them?"

"Yes, I recognised the face of a fellow—a gipsy fellow, who was prowling about yesterday afternoon. I should know him again anywhere."

"Good! And what do you want me to do?"

"To send some soldiers to arrest the murderers," said Hubert.

Corporal Jenkins laughed.

He was used to death in all its phases, and the thought of it did not prevent his indulging in hilarity at the comicality of Hubert's words.

"That's just like you civilians," he cried; "you think we soldiers can be dragged out at any hour, on any fool's errand. However, it happens luckily for you that our Captain here is a magistrate, and can issue a warrant. Sit down awhile; I will go and wake him up,—which in itself, I can tell you, is no joke."

Hubert sat down by the fire. He had not recovered from his alarm at his evening's adventure. One thing, however, he congratulated himself upon. One of the girls left in the house with him was betrothed to him in marriage—this one had escaped.

In about half an hour after his arrival at the barracks, a dozen soldiers, fully armed, headed by Corporal Jenkins, and accompanied by Hubert and Lieutenant Forbes, left the parade-ground in the grey of the morning, and marched towards Fortness Wood.

Bamfylde rose before dawn that day, just after the five thieves had returned home and retired to their several tents. He had scarcely slept at all. His mind was full of the varied events of the preceding day; full of hate for the man who was seeking to destroy the innocence of the sweet girl he loved; full of despair at the thought that she still regretted this man; full of anguish, because, loving her deeply, devotedly as he did, there appeared no hope of his affection being returned.

"Never mind—let it be so," he said, as he stood glancing from amid the trees at the edge of the clearing where they were now located, at the little tent where she lay; "let it be so. I will not again cloud her young heart by speaking to her of my sorrows. I will watch over her until she takes the position she is entitled to, and then I will leave her forever."

He walked on through the wood.

"Yet what do I not leave, if I leave this country forever? No matter; wealth, power, the love of friends, what are they to me if she does not smile upon me? Yes, I will restore her to her family, and then quit this hated spot forever."

He looked around him.

"They call me King of the Gipsies," he cried. "Truly a bauble crown—a kingdom of shreds and patches—a sovereignty over thieves and fools! Oh, cruel fortune! that has placed me here to watch for the dawning of a day that never comes!"

Yet he feared Henri le Morneaut no longer. He could not believe that Cora would speak again to him after all she had heard. No, his fear was more selfish. Among those whom he had encountered within the last few days, there was one whom he felt certain was the person he had for years been seeking. That very night he was to tell her story to the man whom he belived to have the right to bear her away from him. Would it not, after all, be better to depart at once, and suffer her to pass through a quiet and innocent existence,—to take her away from those who would introduce her to the great world and all its vain pomps and vices?

He was interrupted by a sound as of soldiers grounding their arms. He glanced in the direction from which the sound proceeded, and saw the red coats of the troops. He ran forward and listened, concealing himself behind a tree. The lieutenant was issuing his orders.

His first few words were enough, and after hearing them, Bamfylde rushed back in hot haste towards the tents.

"Awake, my men!" he cried; "danger is around us!"

He sounded his bugle, and in a moment every man left his couch, hurried on what clothes he had divested himself of the night before, and seized his arms.

In five minutes Bamfylde was surrounded by twenty men. He had no time to explain, before the red-coats appeared between the trees.

"Surrender!" cried the Lieutenant, advancing, as he saw the gipsies were standing on the defensive. "In the King's name, I command you!"

SAM SHARPLEY—Ethiopian Comedian. (For Biographical Sketch see another column.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

GIPSY JUSTICE.

"Surrender!" was a word which fell unpleasantly on the ear of the Gipsy King.

He smiled derisively; and advancing towards the officer, said, "Perhaps you will be good enough to explain your meaning?"

The officer eyed him haughtily.

"I am not in the habit of entering into unnecessary explanations," he answered.

Bamfylde looked at him contemptuously, and cried, "Perhaps not, sir; but let me tell you, once for all, that explanation in this case *is* necessary, and must be given. Bloodshed is likely to ensue; and if it does, the responsibility will lie with you. Explain, and much trouble may be prevented."

The calm dignity with which these words were uttered impressed the Lieutenant favorably towards Bamfylde, and he replied with less of *hauteur* in his manner.

"The house of Captain Malvern has been broken into this night by some of your gang, and a girl has been cruelly murdered. We seek the thieves and assassins. This man who accompanies me can identify them. They must be at once delivered up to us."

"And if they be?"

"You and your band must surrender also," continued the officer; "for it is but natural we should consider you as accessories before the fact."

"Good!" returned the Gipsy King. "I expected this. The men who have committed the outrage you speak of shall be delivered up—for I never countenance robbery of this kind; never a murder—never a deed of absolute violence in any shape. But if, in addition to this, you ask me to call on my men to place themselves at your mercy, I refuse; since it is unjust that the innocent should suffer for the guilty."

"My orders are precise," said the officer. "I have orders to arrest you and your followers at all hazards; and these orders I must obey, whatever the risk. Again I call upon you, in the name of the King, to surrender."

"Again I refuse," cried Bamfylde, receding.

"Then your blood be upon your own head," said the Lieutenant, facing towards his men. "Make ready—present—fire!"

It was a rash order. So, at least the gipsies considered it. Yet what could he do? He was commanded to destroy, or arrest, this band of gipsies; he was given ten men with which to do it, and he must do his best.

To retire would be to give the gipsies an opportunity of escape. So the men obeyed; and the flash lit up the grey of the morning, and the report echoed through the wood.

Three gipsies fell. But then the fight was no longer one of regularity.

Out from the tents came armed men and women. In among the trees they hastened, swarming round the soldiery, and pouring in here a deadly volley; here a stray shot from behind a sheltering oak; here a stab from a bough above. The officer's heart sank.

"They have sent me into an ambush," he said. "My men will be all destroyed."

Four of the soldiers were already dead, and not one was there who was unwounded.

"Form, and charge through them—gain the high road!" he shouted.

The soldiers obeyed willingly, and, with fixed bayonets, charged at the irregular mass of gipsies. But it was in vain. On every side were men and women with deadly weapons; and, on a word from Bamfylde, the inner circle of desperate conquerors raised their guns. Each musket covered the heart or the head of a soldier.

"Surrender!" cried Bamfylde. "To refuse is madness; for at one volley your force will be swept away."

The officer bit his lip, and delivered up his sword.

"You have conquered," he said. "I have been sent to certain defeat or death. Of what avail are ten men against a hundred?"

While he spoke his soldiers had been disarmed.

"And now," said Bamfylde, "although you are defeated, we have no time to lose. Reinforcements will be brought up by the firing, and delay might destroy the fruits of victory. Yet, that you may judge of us differently, I will give you a specimen of gipsy justice."

So saying, he approached one of the gipsies, and whispered to him a few words. In a moment, by means of this man, the gipsies were drawn up in a line.

"Now," continued Bamfylde, pointing to the gardener, "point out the murderer."

The gardener glanced round, and at once pointed to Yvan.

"Stand forth, Yvan!" cried the White Gipsy.

Yvan obeyed, tremblingly. He suspected his fate.

"Comrades and friends," said Bamfylde, "this man has murdered an innocent girl. Through him, we are driven from our tents; through him, our band will be dispersed; through him, three of our companions have fallen. I ask you for justice: let him die!"

The gipsies were enthusiastic in their admiration of their young King, who had led them to such a victory.

"Yes, yes; let him die!" was the answer on all sides.

Then, without waiting for further commands—without waiting to hear his excuse,—two men seized him, while a third prepared, at twelve paces, to fire.

The man was no coward. He stood proudly erect. But his cheeks were pale, and his lips quivered.

"Friends," he said, "I killed the woman in self-defence. She fired at me—I returned it. I knew not even that it *was* a woman who attacked me. If you kill me, it is murder."

"You had no right in the house," returned Bamfylde, turning coldly away.

At this moment a gipsy boy came running in all haste from the skirts of the wood.

"Along the road the military are approaching!" he cried. "I have seen their red coats!"

"This will save me," thought Yvan.

He was wrong. It was his death-warrant. A shot rang sharply through the frosty air, and Yvan fell dead on the sward.

"To horse!" cried Bamfylde. "Leave tents and baggage, and fly with me!"

With one accord the gipsies followed him as he rushed towards the spot where the horses were tethered; and in less than ten minutes the whole band was scouring across country. They did not stop until ten miles lay between them and their foes. Then, on a wild common, they halted; and descending, by Bamfylde's directions, from their horses, they formed a circle on the ground, and listened to a speech from him.

"Friends," he said, "I have been your King but a short time; and I now lay down my leadership. It will no longer be safe for us to keep together. My advice is, that we break up our band, and, dispersing over the country, join the other bands which are to be found near every town in England. I will depart from you with my sister Cora, and see you no more, since my presence among you will now be fraught with danger."

The gipsies gazed at him in astonishment. They were totally unprepared for this. The idea of losing so suddenly one to whom they looked up as to a superior being, sent a chill to all their hearts, and with one voice they entreated him to remain. But his determination was not to be shaken.

"No, no," he said; "I must leave you. Perhaps, in happier days, I may return to you again; but at present it is not safe for me to remain. There is but one favor I ask of you. If I am made a prisoner, and need your assistance, I will send round to you all. Will you come and rescue me?"

"Yes, yes!" resounded on all sides.

Then spontaneously the gipsies gathered round him, and begged him not to leave them. They swore to defend him—swore to die on his behalf. But he would not accept their offers. He had evidently formed a plan from which it would have been impossible to turn him. He shook hands with all. Then he turned to Cora, who, pale from her recent grief, and scared by the terrors of the morning, stood trembling by his side.

"Come, Cora," he said, "let us set out upon our pilgrimage."

She held out her hand, and he placed her on his horse's back. Then he leaped up behind her.

"Adieu, friends," he said, as he prepared to start—"adieu! Remember the watchword: 'Bamfylde is in trouble, and wants you.'"

Then from amid a sad and silent group they went, and disappeared across the dusky moor. The gipsies broke up into bands of five and six, and took their ways in different directions; and Bamfylde, as he galloped away, with his arm around the waist of his beloved Cora, and her head resting on his breast, felt a happiness he had not in many a long month experienced.

That night, at ten o'clock, it had been arranged that Cora was to meet Henri le Morneaut just outside the grounds of Carew House. At half-past nine the carriage was in waiting. At a quarter to ten, Henri le Morneaut, who had but a few minutes before quitted the side of Lady Selina Macdonald, appeared at the little wicket, and walked to and fro eagerly. To him, the time seemed to pass on leaden wings. At length the clock struck ten. Just as the last chime had reverberated through the air, a light figure emerged from the dark road, and approached the gate. It was that of a woman; and the short petticoat and quaint dress betokened that she was a gipsy. Henri rushed eagerly towards her, and seized her hand.

"You have come, then, my beloved?" he exclaimed, rapturously.

"Yes."

"Yes," he said; "the carriage waits."

She answered not; but leaving her hand *in* his, suffered herself to be led to the carriage. They entered it without delay; and the driver, who had, doubtless, received his instructions beforehand, drove rapidly towards London.

"My darling Cora!" said Henri, as he pressed her fondly to his heart; "you have made me so happy by coming! I almost feared, after all, that you would deceive me."

For a moment she replied not.

Then, in a soft whisper, she said, "Do you love me?"

"Yes, madly! more than all the world beside!"

"And this great lady you are engaged to—this Lady Macdonald?"

Henri started.

"What know you of her?" he said.

"I have been told that you love her; that she is to be your wife."

Henri laughed carelessly.

"Oh, no, that is false—you are to be my wife!" he said. "Besides, if I pretended to care for her, it was because she was wealthy. You I love for your dear self alone. If you had left me, and I had married Lady Selina Macdonald, it would have been because she had twenty thousand pounds."

The girl's form trembled. He could feel the quiver of her frame within his grasp as his arm encircled her waist fondly.

"What ails you, dearest?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"Why, then, do you tremble?"

The girl burst into tears. Henri felt uneasy. What could this mean?

"My dearest Cora," he said, "what is the matter? Do you regret having come with me?"

"No!" she cried; "no! I was only thinking if you could deceive her, you might deceive me!"

"Deceive her!" he answered. "I have never deceived her. I have never given her the slightest reason to believe I loved her."

And so he went on, adding falsehood to falsehood; plunging deeper and deeper into the mire.

At length they reached Warworth Square, which was in the heart of London. Henri joyfully escorted his mistress from the carriage into a house, where he led her into a spacious and elegantly appointed drawing room.

Here, when the door had closed upon them, Henri approached her, and was about to lead her to a seat by the

face, when she drew back, exclaiming, "Touch me not, deceiver and impostor! Thus far I have allowed the game to be played out—thus far I have consented to act a part, that I might discover the true extent of your treachery. Thank heaven, you are justly rewarded. The girl whom you thought to entrap has gone far away from you, having discovered your baseness by listening to a conversation at Carew House. The girl who was to have been sacrificed to her fortune has likewise escaped your clutches; for here she stands before you, to tell you how your silly plans of wickedness have been thwarted."

So saying, she threw aside the deep veil which concealed her face, and disclosed the features of Lady Selina Macdonald! For a moment the young man was abashed, and sank into a chair. Then he glanced upwards at the superb form of Selina Macdonald, and rising, he crossed the room rapidly, and locked the door. He returned to his seat after this, and eyed her triumphantly.

"You have acted a dangerous part," he said; "you are now in my power."

"How so?"

"These are my rooms; this is my house; you have entered it, and in it you shall remain."

Lady Selina smiled.

"All people," she said, "are not so headstrong as you are. I have taken my measures well. The carriage without is *my* carriage; go to the window, and you will see it still waits. The coachman is my father's coachman; and he has orders, if I am here more than half an hour, to give notice to the watch. In addition to this, Colonel Marchmont is aware of all, and will proclaim it to your father and mine, were any evil to befall me."

Henri ground his teeth in vexation.

"You have defeated me, Lady Selina," he said; "you have obtained an apparent victory; but you will repent it. You have taken from me my dearest hope, and I will have my revenge."

"Good!" she cried. "And now, as you have said all you have to say, I will depart. Be good enough to open the door."

Henri rose.

"One thing more," he said, "ere you leave me."

"Anything in reason."

"Does your father know of this conspiracy of yours?" he asked.

"No."

"Then let him remain in ignorance of it. I may at least ask that; for to allow him to know it would be of no use. Let us keep this secret between us, as there is an end, of course, of all our engagements."

"So far, I will promise," she said.

But she said it in a low, tremulous voice, and walked hastily to the door. Henri opened it, went down the stairs, and saw her to her carriage. Then he went away hastily, engaged a horse, and rode rapidly after her towards Carew House. When half way, he passed her. He glanced in, but he could not see her, for the night was dark and gloomy. Could he have done so, he would have beheld a face pale as ashes—eyes red with weeping—a form lying helplessly against the soft cushions. While in his presence, Lady Selina had kept up her cold dignity, and appeared careless of the change in her position. But once out of his sight, once left alone with her sorrow, she gave vent to it in a passionate flood of tears. She had dearly loved Henri le Morneaut, fancying him everything that was good and noble. Now her dream was gone—her idol was broken—existence itself seemed hopeless. And yet the loss of Henri le Morneaut was the greatest gain of her life. And at this moment another being was in sorrow. Sitting on the cold frosty ground, at the side of the glen which the gipsies had abandoned the evening before, was Colonel Marchmont. His whitening hair streamed wildly in the wind, and his hands were clasped together as in agony.

And the words he was murmuring with ashen lips were, "Gone—gone—just at the instant that happiness was in her grasp!" TO BE CONTINUED.

AQUATIC.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL REGATTA
OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

The Steamer META, provided by the Club for the Members of the Press, &c., will leave the foot of CHRISTOPHER STREET, on THURSDAY, JUNE 2d, at 10 A. M., precisely, and foot of 17th STREET, North River, at 10:20, A. M.

Accommodations upon this occasion have been provided for Ladies. Refreshments served on board.

TICKETS ONE DOLLAR, to be had of the Regatta Committee, or upon application to HASWELL BROTHERS, 100 West street.

8-1t

ROWING RACE AT ALBANY—FOUR-OARED MATCH FOR THE ALBANY CHAMPIONSHIP.—The boating season opens lively, Albany starting off with a four-oared race on the 25th of May, for the Championship of Albany. Early in the Spring, a match between the four-oared shell "Banker" and the four-oared barge "Banshee" was talked of; and two well-known boating men set about organizing crews. The latter being selected, a challenge was soon published, signed by Theodore Beebe, B. W. Fuller, John H. Featherly, and Stephen S. Brown, in which the signers stated their willingness to row any four-oared crew (residents of Albany) a race for the championship. The publication of this cartel was followed by a meeting of the crews of the boats before named, and, to equalize the barge and shell boat, a minute was agreed to be allowed the "Banshee." A difficulty now presented itself which completely changed the aspect of affairs. The crew of the "Banshee" insisted on being allowed the minute on the start, while the crew of the "Banker" were equally determined to allow it only at the finish. Neither party caring to give way, the match was given up. As the conference was about breaking up, the captain of the "Banker" crew stated that they would claim the championship, whereupon a match was immediately made to be rowed on May 25th, the "Banshees" to row any boat they chose, and no allowance of time to be made. The last-named crew proceeded at once to secure the boat "Stranger," of Poughkeepsie, and both parties began active training. Wednesday, May 25th, was the day selected for the race. The weather, which threatened early in the day to put a damper on the race, cleared up shortly before the time appointed for the start, leaving the river everything that could be desired in the way of a smooth track. A few minutes before six o'clock the boats made their appearance at the judges' stand, the "Banker," rowed by John H. Featherly, Stephen S. Brown, Aug. B. Lathrop, and B. W. Fuller; the "Stranger" by Wm. B. Hills, Alston Adams, R. V. DeWitt, Jr., and George N. Collier. The judges were Wm. H. Haskell, Dudley Olcott and George G. Davidson. The "Banker" won the choice of position, and chose the inner or East Albany side. A large crowd of excited spectators blackened the wharves and vessels commanding a view of the course, while the river was enlivened with "Tom" Scott's fleet of pleasure boats. Precisely at 6 o'clock the starting judge gave the word go, and the boats were off. The "Banker," pulled with a quick, nervous stroke, sprang to the lead, and before a hundred yards had been traversed, was three lengths in advance of her opponents, who were pulling a steadier, but more lasting stroke. The "Stranger," now being far enough behind to preclude all possibility of a foul, rowed under the stern of the leading boat, and took the inside track, thereby getting the benefit of the flood-tide making along shore, while their rivals, working out into the middle of the river, were a trifle retarded by the last of the ebb. At Bath the "Banker" was leading by a length only, and was soon overhauled by the "Stranger"—the crew of the latter pulling the same steady stroke as at starting—and passed. The "Stranger" reached the stake-boat half a minute in advance, made a good turn and started for home at a fine pace, gradually widening the gap between the boats, and reaching the judges' boat in 19 minutes, followed by the "Banker" in 21 minutes—distance, three miles.

The race for the Albany Scullers' Belt will be rowed on Wednesday, June 1st. The Belt, which is a beautiful specimen of the silversmith's art, is being manufactured by James Mix, Jr., and will cost, when completed, nearly $100. Mr. Sawyer, who won both the sculler's races of last summer, and Mr. Hills, of the "Stranger" crew, have already entered, and it is quite likely that Mr. Featherly, the owner of the fast and beautiful "Gipsy," will also compete.

CRICKET.

NEW YORK VS. WILLOW.—The second eleven of these clubs were to have played their first match together this season on the 28th ult., but owing to the non-appearance of the Willow eleven, only six of them being present at the time the game was to have been commenced, and the refusal of those who were on the ground to play short handed, the match was not played. The New Yorkers were also minus two men, but they wanted to play the game, and as they were ready and willing and their opponents were not, they very properly claimed the ball and the match, and the former was delivered to them. Were this penalty inflicted on all like occasions there would be fewer such disappointments. As the match was appointed to take place on the practice day at the Willow club, and a week's notice at least given their players, they ought to have been on hand with a full team, or have played the game with such as they had. These disappointments injure the game, and are no credit to the club causing them.

THE BOSTON CRICKET CLUB commenced play for the present season on Wednesday, the 25th ult., on their grounds at East Cambridge. The weather was not as propitious as it might have been, an easterly wind making it rather too cool for a full enjoyment of the game. As it was, however, a goodly number of the members were on hand, and showed from their play that they had not forgotten their practice of last year. Every effort has been to put the ground in good condition, and no expense has been spared to this end, and a new Club house has been erected which not only makes a handsome appearance but gives much more convenience to the members. The two elevens were chosen by Messrs. O'Brien and Martin, the two bowlers of the club, and good ones too. After a much enjoyed game, consisting of two innings on each side, O'Brien's side secured the victory by scores of 76 and 86 to their opponent's 35 and 46. The Boston club is strong, financially and cricketally speaking, we are informed, and threaten to carry off the leathern token from the New York Club when next they contend with them, without an "if." It pleases us to hear of their pluck, and we hope they will be nearly if not quite as good as their word. We should like to hear the affable Frank Crockett make a speech over such a "glorious result;" also see the smiling countenance of that jolly cricketer who keeps the china shop.

A FIRST CLASS CRICKET MATCH, has, we are gratified to learn, been arranged to come off on the new grounds of the New York Cricket Club, at Bedford, L. I., on Monday and Tuesday, June 13th and 14th, between the New York and Union, of Newark, clubs. The strength of the first named is well up this season, and when it is understood that an amalgamation of all the Newark clubs has been consumated, and have been marshalled under the above title, it will be readily perceived that their playing strength is by no means inferior. The elevens selected for the match in question are as follow:—New York Eleven, Messrs. J. Higham, Hudson, Sharp, Hammond, Sadler, Crossley, Marsh, Byron, Bailliere, Wilby, Lester and Tyler. Newark Eleven, Messrs. Hallis, Walters, Kidd, Jefferson, Armitage, Ford, A. Hunter, Elphick, Elmore, Hibbing, Middleton, Foster, Bidet, Dawson, Burchall, H. Hunter and Bellamy.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1864.

REMOVAL.

THE Office of the NEW YORK CLIPPER is removed from No. 29 Ann street to No. 22 Spruce street, at which place we shall be happy to see our friends hereafter.

To Correspondents.

CONSTANT READER, Salem.—"A, B, and C are shaking dice for money, the first throw, and count the spots. I am an outsider, not interested; A shakes 6, B shakes 8, just then I joined the party; C says to me, I will bet you I win the pot. I asked him what was high. He told me 10 was high; I bet him he would not beat it; he shook only 9, but yet claims my bet on the ground that he won the pot. I did not know what was high but bet on his own statement. He knew 10 was not high when he bet, but said so to make me bet. I did not bet he would win the pot, but that he would not beat 10, which he did not, therefore I claim I win." .....You win and C loses his bet. The use of fraud and falsehood on his part to induce you to bet, and his statement to you that 10 was high, tells against himself, and his failure to beat the number he declared to you as being high, loses him his wager. Such duplicity will always bring its own punishment.

MCCLELLAN BOY, Springfield, O.—1. Australian Kelly has fought three battles; beat Jonathan Smith at Fiery Creek, Australia, £200 a side, Nov., 1855, 6h. 15m.; George Thompson, who was defeated by Morrissey in California, trained Kelly for this fight; was matched to fight Coburn in the same ring as Heenan and Morrissey, but Coburn met with an accident; the match was declared off, and the money drawn; received forfeit of $50 from Coburn, Jan. 15, 1859, but Joe sued the stakeholder and recovered his $50; beaten by Ed. Price, Canada, $1000 a side, 11r. 32m., Oct. 6, 1859—Price was seconded by John C. Heenan and Johnny Mackey; Kelly by Harry Gribben and Jemmy Massey, with Tom O'Donnell for referee; beaten by Dan Kerrigan, $1000 a side, 25r. 45m., Aug. 21, 1860, at Island Pond, Vt. 2. No. 3. No.

MISSOURI, St. Louis.—"1. Which is the most costly and best steamboat that has been built in the United States within the past six years? 2. Did the Hendrick Hudson ever have her name spelt on her Hendrik Hudson, and how long ago?".....1. The New York and Albany steamboat St. John, which cost half a million dollars. 2. Four years ago she had the name "Hendrik Hudson" painted on her; it was afterwards altered, when a new wheel-house was put on her, to H. Hudson.

PERTH, Jersey City.—"A has a fast horse—B bets A that he has a horse that will *beat* it. The horses run at the appointed time, and a dead heat ensues. A claims the money on the ground that the bet distinctly specified that B's horse was *to beat*, and was so *meant* and *understood* by both parties. B, whilst acknowledging this, claims that the bet is off, on account of the dead heat. Who is right?".....The dead heat must be trotted off to decide the wager.

UNCLE WILLIAM, Harrisburg.—According to your statement respecting the pigeon match, you and your associate judge were right in your decision. But we have also received a letter from another party respecting this same match, in which the circumstances are stated so opposite to what you have done, that we cannot express an opinion on the matter until all the judges agree upon a clear statement of the points in dispute.

R. A. B., Briggs' House, Chicago, Ill.—"There is a dispute and a bet about the length of the two steamboats, New World and Isaac Newton, that were running on the Hudson River some two years ago. Which is the longest of the two?".....The Isaac Newton measured 380 feet; New World, 366 feet 10 inches.

PROVIDENCE.—"I make a match to shoot pigeons without specifying whether the guns used shall be double or single. Am I obliged to shoot a double gun or may I use any gun I please?" .....As the kind of gun was not specified when the match was made, you can shoot with any gun you please.

J. C., U. S. Iron Clad Roanoke, Off Newport News.—1. No. 2. "Dorgs" are as much contraband as "ammunish" and therefore can be seized for attempting to "run the blockade;" everything on board prize vessels is liable to seizure.

TIOGA, Key West, Fla.—"Does Macdonald, of Baltimore, own the whole of the mare Flora Temple, or does Jim McMann, of the Lafayette Hall, N. Y., own half of her?".....Mr. Macdonald is her sole owner.

SUTLER, Morris, Ill.—"A holds a straight in bluff, with eight at the head; B holds the same, with 5 at the head; but B contends that ace is high, although its here the lowest card. Please say who wins?".....A wins.

POMP AND CUDJO.—Mr. F. S. Chanfrau *is* the husband of Mrs. Chanfrau at the Winter Garden. Why the lady does not attach F. S. to her name on the bills, we are not informed, but probably either the lady or her husband will inform you by calling on them.

PATCHEN.—"What was the date of Patchen's first race to pole?" .....He never went to pole in a race. His first race in harness, however, was on October 28th, 1858, on the Union Course, L. I., against Ethan Allen.

COLUMBIAN.—1. We have neither sketch nor picture. 2. Not having seen all of them, we are not competent to decide that question.

J. M. T., Philadelphia.—Your letter was too late for our last issue, and too early for this, later items having since come to hand.

GEORGE M.—We do not know what the ingredients were which composed the Dooney Harris plaster. Call on Dooney at Jack Leonard's, 131 Sullivan street, and he'll post you probably.

JOHNNY L., Pittsburgh, Pa.—Mackey, owing to illness, was unable to go out in the London on Saturday last. That other matter attended to.

JAMES D. MCCULLUM, Matilda, C. W.—Your three dollars only paid for nine months' subscription, as the postage had to be prepaid. Your subscription expired last week.

NED MCMANUS, Natick, Mass.—If you want to find out who is the best man in your town, send along a deposit, and that will fetch him out.

E. G. H., Harrisburg.—Send the letter to our office and we will advertise it for the parties. They are still with McFarland's troupe.

CLAUDE MELNOTTE, Chicago.—1. Born in this city in 1834. 2. Maggie Mitchell was born in this city in 1837, and appeared at Burton's Chambers Street Theatre in 1851.

TORPEDO, U. S. Steamer Washington.—1. Three sixes and one tray, at cribbage, count twelve holes, viz., six for fifteen and six for pair royal. 2. Four fives count eight by fifteens.

E. H. K., Ann Arbor.—We know nothing of the parties or the commodity they have for sale.

ORONO.—Mr. S. French, 122 Nassau street, can furnish you with the book.

OVERLAND EXPRESS.—Gov. King served but one term as Governor of the State of New York, to wit, from 1857 to 1859.

HOYLE HOTEL, Providence.—Lady Suffolk never trotted twenty miles in one hour.

E. M. B.—1. Her right name is Westphalen. 2. The lady was married, but her husband is dead.

GEORGE, Philadelphia.—The lady is not a new beginner, but an old professional. She was formerly known as Kate Ludlow.

HONESTY, Washington.—We would have sent a copy of your letter to the parties alluded to, but there is no name attached to it.

W. X., Chicago.—What was the Canterbury, French Theatre, etc., is now Heller's Salle Diabolique.

P. O., Peoria.—Tom Sayers was born at Pimlico, Sussex, England; his parents were born in England, too.

READER, Boston.—For a lithograph of Jimmy Hammill address a note to Johnny Loudon, Sportsman's Hall, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A. L., Providence, R. I.—George N. Patchen's quickest mile time is 2:23½.

J. B., Hamilton, C. W.—Your best plan would be to advertise them. We have no time to attend to it.

T.—It is the same as all troupes of the kind, the children belonging to different parents.

SAM, Jersey City.—The number of prize fights which have taken place in Great Britain is nearer 8000 than 1000.

C. W., Albany.—The price of the photographic likenesses of General Butler is $3 each. You can send to this office.

HARMONEANS, Peoria, Ill.—It is good for three insertions.

C. E. K., Hoosick Falls.—Scereiter cannot claim any such triumph.

E. S.—They are travelling with Staymaker & Nichols' Circus.

PATSY MARLEY.—We have a letter for you, Patsy.

HOPEFUL.—Its a stand off, there being no defeat on either side.

CONSCRIPT, Newark, N. J.—Feb. 25, 1855.

SINGER.—B was right in taking the money.

AMERICANS' HOUSE OF CALL IN LIVERPOOL.—Those who have been in a strange city thousands of miles from home, know too well the misery a fellow has to put up with until he becomes acquainted. Although speaking the same language, Englishmen are generally very shy of strangers, and although capital fellows when known, it oftentimes happens that a man cannot stay long enough in a city or town to know them. Hundreds, yes, thousands from this side are going to and fro on the great waters in ships, who, when they arrive at their journey's end, hardly know which way to turn, and very likely rush to the first hotel they meet, willing to put up with most anything and pay the most exorbitant sums, because they can't help themselves. Our friends going over to Liverpool need have no such unpleasantness, for, right in the heart of the city, convenient to the piers, railroads and theatres, is an American Hotel, kept in the same style as our own hotels, where a man can get his buckwheat cakes for breakfast, Little Neck clams, East River Oysters, and pretty much everything to be bought for money in Washington Market. The place we have reference to is the New York Hotel, No. 7 Roe street, directly facing St. John's Market, and within a stone's throw of one of the principal theatres. It is kept by Mr. James Stent, formerly of the Talbott Inn, a name already familar to all American sporting readers, and where can be seen at all times our own full-freighted CLIPPER, which to folks abroad is of priceless value, bringing as it does all the old familiar faces and scenes back to the mind's eye, and affording much pleasure to those absent from home. We can heartily recommend the New York Hotel in Liverpool as being everything it is represented.

THE PORTRAIT MONTHLY, containing sketches and well executed portraits of departed heroes and prominent personages of the present time, should be found on the table of all who wish to keep posted on the war, and the government of our country during the perilous times through which we are passing. Volume 1, which includes the months of from July, 1863, to June, 1864, is now ready. It is published by T. B. Leggett & Co., No. 90 Beekman street, N. Y.

BILLIARDS AS AN EXERCISE FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.

It is a fact, and a pleasing one, that more attention is being paid to the physical culture of ladies and children than formerly. The idea that a lady must be thin, pale and delicate to be beautiful, is far less generally entertained than it once was; and well rounded and developed limbs, full breast, rosy cheeks, and cherry lips are not deemed so forbidding as dandies and over-anxious mamas once thought them. Indeed, we are beginning to open our eyes to the truth, that women, like men, are of the earth earthy, and have duties to perform, which, without a proper amount of *physique*, it is impossible for them to accomplish. What is true of women in this regard, is also applicable to children; and, indeed, unless we have healthy women, we cannot have healthy children, and the race must necessarily degenerate. That extreme development of the mental faculties and the voluntary wasting away or training down of the physical to a mere nothingness, until our females and progeny look like etherial beings, or angels, as though they had no business on this sublunary sphere, is a delusion and a snare which it is neither desirable or profitable to cultivate. It is pleasing, we say, that more correct views are obtaining on this subject, and that the discovery has been made that women and children really have limbs to use, and are not intended as mere wax figures to be merely gazed upon. Our attention has been called to this subject by reading a brief paragraph recently, which stated that a billiard table had been introduced into some seminary for "the use of the young ladies." Ladies at billiards! Truly, this *is* a step in the right direction. And in a fashionable school at that. Verily, the world does move. This choice of exercise, too, is judiciously made, for, as an indoor exercise, we know of none better than an hour or two at the billiard table; because its effects are threefold. By it the mental faculties are exhilarated; the physical stimulated and developed; and the social fostered and cultivated. Incidentally, however, we might state, that as an outdoor exercise, archery should find more countenance. Show us a female who takes exercise in her billiard room, with her arrows and quiver, on the back of her palfrey, or in winter on the skating pond, at proper intervals, and we will show you a happy, cheerful, graceful, beautiful woman, fit to be the partner of any lord of creation that ever wore small clothes. Let it not be supposed either, that any sacrifice of propriety need be made by such exercises. Horseback exercise, archery and skating, are well known to have been patronised by ladies of high degree, and in Europe and elsewhere they have been considered accomplishments. In France and Germany, too, billiards has not been considered one whit behind them; and since the introduction of private billiard rooms into the mansions of our wealthier citizens, and the various tournaments played in presence of the ladies here, we are glad to be able to say that the stupid prejudice formerly entertained against the game among our females who should lead in all reforms, is fast dying away. As an example, we might state that one of the greatest and purest of women, Madame de Stael, was an advocate of billiards, and a brilliant player withal; and when exiled to Switzerland by Napoleon, she overstayed the limit of her time in Paris to superintend the removal of her billiard table. The late Duchess de Berri was also very fond of the game, and was a skillful wielder of the cue and mace; her example gave the tone to Parisian fashion; and to-day the billiard room is regarded as one of the chief and best attachments to a well ordered chateau in Europe; and it is fast growing to be so here. We might multiply examples endorsing the propriety and benefits that would accrue by the adoption of billiards as an exercise and pastime by females; but deem the foregoing enough to convince those of our land that they too may take the cue with profit. The above applies largely with regard to children and the home circle; for there is nothing more calculated to make them fond of home than the recollection of amusements shared in common. Our billiard tables and paraphernalia are the best in the world, without a doubt; but for family use, where children of short stature wish to play, there is something yet to be done; and if some enterprising manufacturer will take the hint here thrown out, and invent and patent a table that can be raised or depressed by screws, or springs, or some other contrivance best adapted thereto, we predict for him a large sale. We think the end might be best accomplished by resting the bed on screws, since less trouble would be experienced in getting and keeping the table "in true."

RACING IN THE WEST.--ST. LOUIS MEETING.

THE great popularity of the recreations of the turf among the sport loving residents of the great West has been strikingly illustrated by the triumphant success of the Spring Meeting of the Laclede Association at St. Louis. A report of the entire week's sport will be found in our regular turf column. The attendance on each day of the meeting was very large and fashionable, the ladies being present in great numbers. The weather was beautiful, the track in splendid condition, and the racing of a class that has never been surpassed. The brilliant success which attended this meeting affords a convincing proof of the truth of the position we have ever maintained, that racing would enjoy as large a share of the patronage and favor of the community, as trotting, provided that public confidence could be secured in the honor and honesty of the parties who assumed the management of our race meetings. In the Northern States of late years, racing has lost its ancient hold upon popular favor in consequence of the bad faith and mismanagement of those parties who professed to take the managerial direction of our turf meetings, and the consequent loss of public confidence in the *bona fide* character of the equine contests which they witnessed.

The attempts of two or three turfmen of late years to revive racing on Long Island proved ineffectual, while the miserable failure of the attempt to hold a grand racing compaign at New York, Philadelphia and Boston, two seasons ago, must be fresh in the memory of our readers. The cause of this state of things is to be found in the fact that the parties who have thus unwarrantably usurped the direction of turf matters, have almost invariably made their position a means and medium for the advancement of their own personal pecuniary interests, and gambling operations. Last year a step in the right direction was made by the Passaic County Agricultural Society at Paterson, N. J., a club of gentlemen having the true interests of the turf at heart. Having constructed a new and excellent track, they offered such exceedingly liberal purses for competition among thoroughbreds, that the owners of the best races of the Western States and Canada were induced to bring on their stables to contend for them. The public, having confidence in the honorable character of the managers, patronised both the Spring and Fall Meetings so liberally, that they were enabled to offer still more munificent purses for the coming spring and summer meetings. Last fall, the sporting gentlemen of St. Louis, who had witnessed the success of the Paterson Association Meetings, established the "Laclede Association" in that city, and held their first meeting in October last. It proved eminently successful, the racing being first class, and the attendance very great. The recent meeting just concluded, surpassed that of last fall, alike in the character of the contests, and the public favor and patronage it received, the liberality and energetic managerial efforts being rewarded with the finest racing ever witnessed in the West. In New York a similar association, under the name of the New York Jockey Club, has been organised, and the forthcoming meetings on the Centreville Course, L. I., will be conducted under their management. At Saratoga a similar association for the promotion of the interests of the turf has been established, and the fashionable racing meeting in August next will be under its auspices. The prospects of racing consequently never were brighter or more promising, now that its interests are entrusted to an association of gentlemen of known honor and character.

BIG BILLIARD CHALLENGE.

Dudley Kavanagh, Champion of America,
WILL PLAY
John Roberts, Champion of England,
TWO MATCHES OF BILLIARDS, FOR $5000 EACH MATCH.

ON Friday, May 27th, Dudley Kavanagh, the billiard champion of America, in company with William Goldthwaite, his to-be-opponent in the forthcoming match for the American Championship, on the 9th of June, called at the CLIPPER OFFICE, the former looking as jolly and fat as a friar, and the latter as fine as a fiddle. In answer to our queries, both expressed full confidence in their respective abilities to win, but it is very evident that one of them makes a wrong calculation, as one only can win, there being no such thing as a tie in billiards. In discussing other billiard matters, the name of Roberts, the Champion of England, and whom the *Sporting Life* considers to be "immeasurably the greatest billiard player in the world," was incidentally mentioned, whereupon our Champion, Dudley Kavanagh said, and authorised us to make his words public, that *he* would play Roberts two billiard matches for $5000 each match and the Championship of the World, at the three ball French carom game, one to be played in England, Roberts to name place of playing, size of balls, table, and indeed to have the whole management there; the other to be played in the United States, when and where he, Kavanagh, is to have the same privileges as accorded to Roberts in England. The date of play would of course have to be mutually agreed upon. Now, Mr. Roberts, here is a plain, straightforward challenge, by taking up which you can have an opportunity to prove your vaunting true and substantiate your claim to the title of Championship of the World. Kavanagh's proposition, so far as we can see, contains nothing that has the appearance of advantage seeking. The French game is one with which both are about equally familiar, and as each will have control of affairs in his own country, we can see no plausible reason, if Roberts has the pluck, why the match cannot be made. If Roberts accepts, he can put up a moiety of the stake in some responsible person's hands, which will be covered with alacrity by Dudley. As each man would have to undertake a journey, the question of expenses does not enter into the controversy. As Roberts will see or hear of this before leaving for Australia, he can easily fix the date about when he would reach New York prepared to play. We are all attention, therefore, for Roberts' response, whether it be aye or nay.

THE AQUATIC CHAMPIONSHIP.

Another Proposition from Josh. Ward to Jas. Hamill.

IN regard to this match which we had hoped would have been consummated 'ere this, there appears to be a slight stumbling in regard to the particular course on the Monongahela on which the race is to take place. In a note hereunto appended from Mr. Ward, dated May 28th, he alludes to two or three small matters, which, as the race is to take place on Hamill's own waters, we think he might, and will be willing to concede to. Here is the note:—

"Please inform Mr. Hamill in reply to his last proposition to me to the effect that we shall row from the Monongahela Bridge down or over the Pittsburgh Course, that I will make a match with him if he will allow me the privilege of a choice of rowing over the course he names or over one we may mutually select above the bridge. I do not desire to go any further above than to get the distance we are to row with room to turn, to start with or against the stream as he chooses. The public will judge if I desire anything unreasonable in this. When I was a winner I did not ask Mr. Hamill to come to Newburgh—I gave him his choice of the Hudson with a hundred miles to select a place from. I will row him at Pittsburgh if he concedes to me this choice, and perhaps I may have no objections to row on the spot he names when I have seen it, but parties from there assure me that there is a peculiar current there. I may include more than one of Mr. Hamill's own friends, who have asserted that a stranger would not have a chance of knowing the place he names so well as himself.

With respect, JOSHUA WARD.

BIG BILLIARDS IN FRANCE.—The following paragraph in regard to a billiard feat recently performed by M. Berger, who, a year or two since visited this country and gave illustrations of the *masse* shot, is translated from the *Lyons Progress*. "M. B——, professor of billiards at Montpellier, has come to Lyons to play a match with M. Berger, the proprietor of the 'Cafe du XIXme Siecle.' The adversaries tried their skill recently in presence of the principal amateurs of our city, attracted by this interesting contest. M. Berger gave a marvellous proof of his skill in accomplishing three hundred and ninety-six successive caroms. This feat makes it sufficiently plain without commentary, that M. Berger merits perfectly the title of the prince of carom players, which has been decreed him by the skilful at billiards." As the three hundred and ninety-six caroms were in all probability made of what is termed the French carom game, it is indeed a marvellous, cuerious feat. If, as in the American game, three points were counted for each carom, the run or count would reach the high total of *eleven hundred and eighty-eight* points, which we believe has never been approached, much less equalled in the carom game exclusively. When we consider, too, that only three balls are used, the wonderful phase of the affair is greatly enhanced.

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB will hold their fifteenth annual regatta on the waters of New York Bay, on Thursday, June the 2nd, when the various model craft entered will start from off their club house, Hoboken, at ten A. M. precisely. The excellent day's sport witnessed by lovers of aquatic sport last year, will no doubt be vividly remembered, and be the means of inducing a large attendance on the the steamers chartered by the club for the occasion, as well as on independent "propellers." We are pleased to observe that proper accommodations will be provided for ladies, as their presence on such occasions adds materially to the *eclat* of the same, their bright smiles and merry laughter going far towards dispelling the *ennui* produced by "a calm." We wish the gentlemen of the club a pleasant day's sport, and pray that old Neptune may vouchsafe a bright day and a suitable breeze. As the entries are reported to be numerous, and the model fleet is composed of swift sailers, we predict a very attractive aquatic spectacle.

JUST SO.—The New York correspondent of the *London Standard*, gives the following item about the feeling in this city regarding the Heenan and King affair. The writer is pretty correct in his views:—

"We have pugilistic excitement now in all parts of the city in reference to the fight that is to come off between Mace and Coburn. We shall be careful how we bet on this match. The feeling excited by the defeat of Heenan has not been got over yet. Jack McDonald has been very much blamed for it, *but all agree now that he was innocent and did the best possible under the circumstances.* Heenan is blamed, and no one else.

BALL PLAY.

Matches Arranged.

JUNE 2.—Eagle vs. Atlantic, between amateur nines. Game called at 3 P. M., at Bedford, Brooklyn. Fulton Avenue cars go direct to the ground.

11.—Enterprise vs. Excelsior; fly game, on the Capitoline grounds. Game called at 3 P. M.

27.—Mutual vs. Atlantic, on the Atlantic grounds, Bedford. Home and home series. Game called at 3 P. M.

—.—.Pennsylvania vs. New Jersey; return game, at Newark.

THE GRAND MATCH IN PHILADELPHIA.

PENNSYLVANIA VS. NEW JERSEY.

AN INTERESTING GAME. THE JERSEYMEN VICTORIOUS.

Our national game of ball bids fair to be made more popular in the City of Brotherly Love this season than ever before; and, what is more, the means taken to make it a permanent institution in that city are likely to be extremely successful. For the first time in the annals of the game in Philadelphia, the base ball players have possession of a permanent field of operations, specially prepared for and devoted to the game of base ball, and a truly fine ground it is. For this the Philadelphians are indebted to the Olympic Club of that city, the oldest ball playing organization in the country, for they not only secured a long lease of the ground from the city authorities, and prepared the same for use, but also allowed the Athletic and Mercantile Clubs the privilege of practicing on them twice a week. In view of the fact that the former was a rival organization, their course of action merits praise.

These grounds are located on a fine field adjoining the Spring Garden Reservoir, on Jefferson and Twenty-fifth streets, and are easily reached by the Ridge Avenue Cars. The Clubs began practice a few weeks since, but the inaugural game on the grounds took place on Wednesday, May 25th, on which occasion a grand match was played between selected nines from the States of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, five clubs being duly represented on each side, the match being arranged for the benefit of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, the proceeds of the contest going to increase the funds of the great Fair shortly to be held in Philadelphia.

The players selected and the clubs they represented were as follows:—On the part of Pennsylvania, Messrs. Kleinfelder and McBride, of the Athletic; Richards and T. Bomeisler, of the Olympic; Woods and Frazer, of the Keystone; Bispham and Evans, of the Mercantile; and Miller, of the Altoona clubs. On the part of New Jersey there were Thomas and Northrup, of the Eureka; Lewis and Tyrrell, of the Newark; Henry and Milspaugh, of the Nassau; Fisler and Knight, of the Camden; and Baird, of the Bridgeton clubs. Although these players did not represent the full playing strength of the two States, they formed about as good a selection as probably could have been made from the clubs named, and for an amalgamated nine, new to each other's play and to the ground they played on, certainly played as good a game of the kind as we have seen for many years past, especially during the early part of the contest.

It was intended that this match should have been but one of a series of benefit matches played during the week, but the heavy fall of rain all day Thursday prevented further field operations, and the above game proved to be the first and last of the week. It was the inaugural match, however, of a series of annual games that are henceforth to be played between the States of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and in addition to such an attractive series of contests we would suggest that the two States above named combine their forces and challenge the oldest organizations of New York State to a trial of skill some time in August next, the first game to be played on the Olympic grounds at Philadelphia, the proceeds to be for the benefit of the needy families of such base ball players as have fallen while fighting in the Union army in defence of their country.

The weather on Wednesday was anything but favorable for a full attendance of spectators, though propitious for play, as rain was threatened every hour; notwithstanding this drawback there was a numerous and highly respectable assemblage collected on the grounds, among whom were an unusual number of the fair ones of Philadelphia, and a truly handsome delegation they were too. A glance around the field when the game was in progress presented a view at once attractive and picturesque. In the rear of the players were seated the bevy of fair ladies, with the handsome club house for a back ground, and encircling the field were between one and two thousand spectators, which was a large number considering the threatening aspect of the weather, and the fact that a quarter of a dollar was the charge for admission.

The arrangements throughout were excellent, and reflected credit on the committee in charge, the most complete order and decorum being observed throughout, and as for the conduct of the players it was praiseworthy in the extreme, for though the contest was an exciting one at times, there was not a word uttered unworthy of a gentlemanly ball player, or the slightest sign of ill-feeling manifested throughout the game that we noticed. In these respects, if in no other, was it a model contest, and an example our New York and Brooklyn clubs would do well to follow when they engage in their matches for the championship. One great cause of this satisfactory result was the admirable manner in which the umpire—Mr. P. O'Brien, of the Atlantic Club—discharged his duties throughout. For the first time, we believe, in the annals of the game in Philadelphia, the decisions of the Umpire were received with entire satisfaction by both the contesting nines, and we do not see how it could well have been otherwise with such a thoroughly impartial and competent judge of the game acting in the position.

The new rules of the game were strictly enforced throughout, and an authoritative precedent established on which to base future decisions by others this season, and had the game yielded no other result, this was sufficiently important a one to make it specially noteworthy.

Without further preface, however, we will proceed to describe the game as played, giving the details of each innings, and the final result, as shown by the full score of the match.

THE FIRST INNINGS.

The New Jersey nine went to the bat at 2:45 P. M., Milspaugh being their 1st striker, and he retired from a well taken fly catch by Richards near 1st base; Northrup being the 2d striker and second out, from a boyish catch on the bound by Evans at right field. Tyrrell then made his 2d base by a fine hit to centre field, and Fisler also secured his 2d base by an error of Bomeisler in fielding the ball to the base, both eventually securing their runs through the good batting of Thomas, who was unable, however, to reach home before Lewis was put out on the bound by Wood near 2d base, the innings closing for two runs. The Pennsylvanians then took their turn at the bat; but their three first strikers were promptly put out in succession, Richards going out on the bound by Baird, Klinefelder on a tip bound by Fisler, and Woods from the admirable play of Tyrrell at 2d base, the ball being accurately thrown to him by Fisler, the totals of the 1st innings being 2 to 0 in favor of the Jerseymen.

SECOND INNINGS.

Henry led off on the part of New Jersey, and secured his base owing to a missed fly catch by Miller, who creditably attempted the fly, though he might have caught on the bound. Knight was then put out at 1st base by McBride on a foul ball; Baird, also, being a victim of McBride's from a well-taken foul fly; Northrup being the third out from a fine fly catch by Frazer at left field, Milspaugh being left on the 1st base, one run being the result of the innings' play. Bomeisler led off on the part of Pennsylvania in this innings, securing his base by a good hit to centre field, Bispham following suit, both eventually securing their runs. McBride was then put out by a splendid fly tip by Fisler, and Frazer and Evans were second and third outs from three strikes, Miller being left on his 2d base, which he had reached by first rate batting, the result being two runs, the totals being new 3 to 2, still in favor of New Jersey.

THIRD INNINGS.

Tyrrell opened play on the part of Jersey, securing his base by a missed bound catch by Bomeisler, and his run from Fisler's fine hit, on which Fisler made his 2d base. He had secured his 3d base on a passed ball, when he was caught napping by Kleinfelder and Bispham, an accurate throw of the former, and good base play of the latter putting him out. Thomas then made his base by a fine grounder to left field, and secured his run before Lewis and Henry were put out, which they were by easy bound catches by Evans and Bomeisler, two runs being the result of the innings' play. Richards led of on the part of Pennsylvania with a good hit to left field, but the ball was splendidly taken on the fly by Lewis—one of his old catches; Kleinfelder followed and secured his base; after which, Wood made his 3d base by a fine hit to left field, and Bomeisler, too, secured his base by good batting, all three eventually scoring their runs, Bispham stri

THE TURF.

TROTTING OF THE WEEK ON LONG ISLAND.

POSTPONEMENTS—THE MATCHES OF THE WEEK ON THE UNION AND FASHION COURSE—PROSPECTS OF THE WEEK—THE ST. LOUIS AND PATTERSON SPRING MEETINGS—THE JERSEY DERBY—THE EPSOM DERBY; LATEST BETTING—FLORA TEMPLE AGAIN; HER ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK—THE WESTERN FLYER, CORA, BOUGHT FOR TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS IN THIS CITY.

THE weather during the past week proved highly unfavorable for the sports of the trotting turf on Long Island, necessitating a double postponement of one very important match on the Union Course, and also of one on the Fashion Track. The first was set down for Wednesday, May 25th, and was between young Mr. Lorillard's bay mare Empress, trained by Dan Pfifer, and Mr. Bradford's bay mare Baby Belle, under the old Field Marshall's tutelage and care, for $2000, mile heats, best three in five, the wagon and driver to weigh 275 lbs. This match created a great deal of interest among the members of the up-town clubs, friends of the gentlemen owners of the respective horses, and the speculation was very heavy on the result. The owner of Empress in one bet laid $1000 to $800 on her winning, and this was the current rate of odds the night before at Lafayette Hall and the Hone House, where a good amount of business was done. Empress had been entered in two of the Fashion Course purses, but had not started in either. Baby Belle, in addition to the match in question, has no less than three matches of $2000 each at mile heats, two miles and repeat, and three miles and repeat, in harness, against D. Pfifer's bay gelding Port Royal, over the Union Course, during the present month. The day on Wednesday was gloomy and threatening, and although there was a large attendance on hand, the rain which had fallen the preceding day had rendered the track so heavy in many places, that it was mutually agreed by the owners and trainers of the two mares, to postpone it until the ensuing fair day, especially as the conditions of the match stipulated for "a good day and good track." The next day (Thursday, May 26th) was still more unfavorable, as it rained heavily all day, rendering another postponement indispensible.

The ensuing day, Friday, was fair, bright and favorable, and although two trots were announced on the Fashion Course, the majority of the trot-going public patronized the Union, to witness the match on which general interest had been centred for some time past. Hiram Woodruff's hostelrie was well patronized, the friends of the owners of the horses eagerly canvassing their respective chances of success, and betting their greenbacks freely on their favorite. The owner of Empress accommodated several customers with bets of $1000 to $800 on his mare, yet in many instances we saw $100 to $80 bet upon her opponent, Baby Belle. On the track, we found the same rate of betting prevailing, the above odds being bet first on one horse and then upon another, according to the partisan fancy of the friends of the horses. The appearance of Empress, as she went around the track preliminary to scoring, was eagerly scanned both by her friends and opponents. She is a handsome big bay mare with white blaze on the face, close on 16 hands high, and carries a good deal of flesh. She is by Cassius M. Clay, and shows the unmistakable characteristics of the Canuck blood, which she inherits from her grandsire, Henry Clay, who was by Andrew Jackson out of a French Canadian mare. Her opponent, Baby Belle, is also of the Bashaw blood, being by Eureka, a son of Long Island Black Hawk, a direct descendant of Grand Bashaw himself, the fountain source of the famous breed. Like Empress, she is a handsome bay, with long flowing tail, standing about fifteen and a half hands, with three white feet. Their coats shone like satin in the glancing rays of the sun, evidencing their fine condition and the admirable care and attention their respective trainers had bestowed on them. Hiram won the choice of position and the judges rung the bell for the start.

THE RACE.

They scored twice unsuccessfully, and on the third time they came up the stretch so evenly together, that it appeared almost certain they would get the word. Within a dozen yards of the judges stand, however, Hiram's wagon gave way, owing to the breaking of one of the spring bolts, and this caused the suspension of the word "go" which the judges were just about giving. A new sulky was at once sent for, and it was noticed by some of the knowing ones that Empress when she pulled up and walked down to the track, went slightly lame forward. Offers to bet $100 to $50 on Hiram showed that something was wrong, and this was confirmed when an old stager sung out $100 to $20 against Empress, play or pay." As soon as Hiram had replaced his damaged sulky, they scored again. The first time Pfifer could not get up alongside, and in the second attempt, when it was seen that her lameness did not disappear as she got warmed up, her owner authorized Pfifer to pay forfeit, and withdraw her from the race. This was a great disappointment alike to the spectators and the owner of Empress, for the mare had been going so satisfactorily as to inspire the latter as well as her trainer with the greatest confidence in her winning. The former at once offered to bet $1000 that his b g Port Royal beats Baby Belle in their forthcoming match for $2000, mile heats in harness, over the Union Course on the 10th inst.

The match for $500, two miles and repeat, between Alderman McMahon's blk g. Dobbs Ferry (owner to drive), and Mr. Walters' r. g. Boxer (with J. D. McMann to drive), next came on for decision. A good deal of time was wasted in altercation between the owners as to which race should have precedence; the match in question which was made for this day (May 27th), or a sweepstakes trot of $150, between the same horses and Mr. Drake's s. g. Honest Ned, which had been made for the day previous, but postponed on account of the heavy rain to the "next fair day." This was at last satisfactorily arranged by Mr. McMahon agreeing to trot the two mile match there and then, and Mr. Walter's promising to trot the sweepstakes race the ensuing week. Boxer seemed to be most fancied in the betting in consequence of his being handled by a professional driver, while Dobbs Ferry was driven by an amateur. The friends of the Alderman, however, stuck manfully to his horse, and a good amount of greenbacks were staked on the issue.

First Heat. McMann had the pole, and they got off at the second attempt, his horse going up almost as soon as they crossed the score, and lost so much ground, that at the quarter pole Dobbs Ferry led fully fifty yards. Boxer continued breaking badly and running all along the back stretch that he was still further behind at the half mile. On the last quarter of the first mile Boxer gained rapidly, and the Alderman was only half a dozen lengths in front over the score; time, 3min. 6sec. Going along on the second mile, Boxer crept up a little, and was within three lengths of his opponent at the half mile pole. A good race up the home stretch followed, Boxer breaking at the distance stand and losing the heat by three lengths in 6min. 11secs.

Second Heat. After three essays the judges gave the word; McMann's horse, as in the last heat, breaking badly, and before he could get him down again Dobbs Ferry was at the quarter pole fifty yards ahead. He was still further in front at the half mile pole. One hundred dollars to five on the leading horse met with no response. He led a clear hundred yards on the first mile in 3min. 5sec., and still keeping his advanced position, won by 150 yards in 6min. 8secs.

SUMMARY.

UNION COURSE, L. I., Friday, May 27th.—Match $2,000, half forfeit; mile heats; best 3 in 5; driver and wagon to weigh 275 pounds.

H. Woodruff named b m Baby Belle.....rec'd forfeit.
D. Pfifer named b m Empress.....paid forfeit.

SAME DAY.—Match, $500; 2 miles and repeat; to harness.

Mr. McMahon named blk g Dobbs Ferry.....1 1
J. D. McMann named r g Boxer.....2 2

TIME.

First Heat	3:06	6:11
Second Heat	3:05	6:08

There was only a small attendance on the Fashion Course on the same day (Friday, May 27) to witness the second match between Mr. Turnbull's s m Minnie and Dan Mace's s m Lady Litchfield, mile heats, three in five, in harness. Dan Pfifer trained Minnie and would have driven her, had not his prior engagement to drive Empress in her match against Baby Belle prevented him doing so. Sam McLaughlin therefore handled the ribbons in his stead, while Mace drove his own mare. The betting was in favor of Minnie, who had won the previous match the week before, and there was an eagerness to back her at $100 to $70. The track was in very fair condition after the heavy rain of the preceding day. In the first heat Lady Litchfield had the pole and led to the quarter, where she broke but caught quickly, and widened the gap on the back side, where Minnie began to close up, and at the three-quarter pole lapped her, eventually winning by half a length in 2 min. 45 secs. Neither of them trotted squarely in this heat, both repeatedly running on the home stretch. In the second heat, Minnie led to the quarter, where she broke so badly that it enabled Lady Litchfield to pass her and win by three lengths in 2 min. 41½ secs. The third heat was won by Minnie by a length after a chargeful contest in 2 min. 42 secs., and Lady Litchfield the fourth in 2 min. 46 secs. The fifth was the deciding heat, each having won two, and in the result the interest of the race was centered. It produced a good race, both going like a double team to the half mile, where Minnie drew ahead, and after a capital race up the home stretch, won the heat and race by half a length in 2 min. 43 secs.

SUMMARY.

FASHION COURSE, L. I., Friday, May 27, match $1,000, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

S. McLaughlin named s m Minnie.....1 2 1 2 1
D. Mace named s m Lady Litchfield.....2 1 2 1 2
Time, 2:45; 2:41½; 2:42; 2:46; 2:43.

The present week gives prospect of some of the very best trotting of the season. On Wednesday, the 1st inst., on the Union Course, in the great purse and stake race, May Queen, Lancet, Dan Mace, and Lady Emma meet together, and will assuredly result in a capital race. Lady Emma, it will be remembered, beat Jilt in the memorable wagon race on the Fashion Course last year, the latter winning the first heat and the former the two last. Dan Mace showed his good quality by beating Prince in the match at Hartford last week, while May Queen and Lancet are well known on the trotting tracks of Philadelphia and Long Island for their speed. Keystone was entered for this race, but died a short time ago of inflammation, at Dan Mace's stables at the Fashion Course. The following day (Thursday) gives us a second meeting on the Union Course between Lady Shannon, Shark, Empress, Hambletonian, General Grant, and the hitherto unconquered Dexter, and the race will doubtless excite considerable interest.

We give in this issue a complete summary of the week's racing at St. Louis. Meeting the other night with that clever trainer and well-informed turfman, Dr. Weldon, just as he arrived in the city from the west, he told us that he never witnessed better racing, more numerous or respectable attendances, or liveher betting than at this meeting. The true, legitimate sport of the turf, thoroughbred racing, seems to be in high favor with the sport-loving citizens of the Mound City of the West, and the Laclede Association, by their liberality, energy, and admirable management, seem determined to gain the highest position for their meeting in the American turf records of the present day.

Next week the Passaic County Agricultural Association hold their Spring Race Meeting on their beautiful race Course at Patterson, N. J. The meeting commences on Tuesday next, the 7th inst., with a race of mile heats, for horses of all ages, for a purse of $200; a post stake, two mile heats, of $500; two mile heats with five subscribers (Messrs. Alexander, Bush, Morris, Watson, and Hogan), and last, but greatest of all, the "Jersey Derby," a sweepstakes premium of $1000, for three year olds, $50 entrance, play or pay, one mile and a half dash, to carry 100 lbs., fillies and geldings allowed 3 lbs. This race is very similar in its conditions (the weights being different) to the famous great English turf event, the Epsom Derby; it has this year thirty-two horses entered for it, and it is anticipated that at least twelve of them will come to the post. The probable starters are Kentucky, Asteroid, Norfolk, Charlotte F. Vandal filly, Eclipse colt, Minnie Minor, Scotland, Grinstead's Ringold colt, Ward's Ringold colt, Velvet, Lurline, and Arcola. The list may be increased or reduced in number on the day; at present Kentucky is the favorite, $900 to $200 being the highest odds against him. He belongs to Messrs. Travers and Osgood (sons in law of Commodore Vanderbilt), of this city, they having bought him after his race at Paterson last fall, when he met and defeated, with consummate ease, Minnie Minor and Eagle, in a mile dash, in 1 min. 49¾ secs. Norfolk, a son of Lexington, and owned by Mr. Alexander of Kentucky, by his clever victory at St. Louis, where he beat Tipperary and distanced Loadstone, Scotland, Neutrality, and Star Davis filly, in 1:46¾—1:47, has shown he possession of such speed as will doubtless make him a dangerous opponent. Since that victory he has been sold to Mr. Charles Winter of California for $15,000, but it is almost certain he will run for the Derby at Paterson. Asteroid, who, now that Mr. Alexander has sold Norfolk, may probably represent that gentleman's stable, also won a three year old sweepstakes race of mile heats, at the same meeting, in 1:47¾; 1:46¼, beating Tipperary and Scotland. On the second day of the meeting we have the Underwood Gift of $200, mile dash named after the donor, Mr. Robert Underwood, the clever turfman and popular pool auctioneer), run for, together with the Nursery Stakes for two year olds, with seven entries, and a three mile dash for all ages for a $400 purse. On the third day (Thursday, the 9th) we have the Sequel Stakes of $300 for three year olds, two mile dash, with fifteen entries, including many of the cracks entered for the Derby race; a Post Stake of $800, three mile heats, with four subscribers, and a mile and a quarter dash for all ages, for a $200 purse. The entire programme is a most liberal and attractive one, and the earnest consideration always hitherto shown by the managers for the interest and comfort of the public, give us every reason for anticipating a splendid and gloriously successful Spring meeting of the Passaic County Association. The comfortable and admirably managed hotel adjoining the race course has been considerably enlarged and renovated, and under the superintendence of the host, Captain Folger, visitors who may desire to remain over the meeting, may be assured of receiving courteous treatment and comfortable quarters.

That greatest and richest (pecuniarily speaking) turf event in England, the race for three year olds called the Epsom Derby, came off on Wednesday, May 25th. This year the race is regarded as of a more open character than any Derby for some years past. It is true that General Peel retains his pride of place as first favorite which his victory in the two thousand guineas at Newmarket justly entitles him to, but he is closely pressed by the July Stakes winner of last year, Lord Stamford's Cambuscan, who is reported to have been tried so highly with Bathilde, that his owner informs everybody that he cannot lose. Scottish Chief has been driven back in the betting a point or two, without, as his friends assert, any tangible foundation for it; indeed his owner, Mr. Merry, offered to take a bet of $40,000 to $5,000, of the leviathan bookmaker, Mr. Jackson, but the latter, after offering to do so, refused. Lord Westmoreland is equally sweet upon his horse, Birch Broom, who is said to have proved himself a flyer in his trial with Merry Hart. Mr. Ten Broeck still feels confident that he can reverse the 2,000 guineas positions of General Peel and his horse Paris, and in this opinion he is supported by the celebrated jockey, Fordham, who rode Paris in the first-named race.

In the next issue of the CLIPPER we shall probably be able to announce the winner of this great race, which excites the deepest interest in every quarter of this civilized globe. The long retirement of the little bay beauty, Flora Temple, from the trotting turf, led to the generally entertained opinion that she had forever retired from the turf, and would spend the rest of her days in the enjoyment of that ease and comfort to which her glorious career and unparalleled performances justly entitled her. It was even asserted that Mr. McDonald, her owner, intended her for a brood mare, and that she would be put to the stud this season. We know not how far this may be the case, but we know that on Saturday last she arrived in this city, and is now located at the stables of Mr. James D. McMann, her old trainer and driver, at Hunter's Point, where she has the company of the famous Cincinnati black mare, Cora, of whose marvellous trotting speed rumor has been very busy of late, and who has recently been purchased by Mr. Daniels for the stiff price of ten thousand dollars. Flora is well and hearty, and carries plenty of flesh; and thousands would be delighted to welcome the little "Queen of the trotting turf" on to the track again, for no horse or mare ever enjoyed such a high degree of popularity and affection as did Flora Temple. Next week we shall be in a position to say more of the ulterior intentions regarding her future career.

RACING AT ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE Spring Meeting of the Laclede Association closed on Saturday, May 21st. The attendance each day was large, and a correspondent informs us that "a better week's racing was never witnessed; the time made during the week, considering the weights they carried, make it the best week's racing ever run in America." The weights carried on this occasion were as follows:—3 year olds, 96 pounds; 4 year olds, 110 pounds; 5 year olds, 120 pounds; 6 year olds, 125 pounds; penelizing each winner that started a second time, mares one pound and horses three pounds. During the week's racing several horses were sold; among them was Blondin, Surprise, and Bowen. The last named was purchased by Mr. E. Thompson for $1500. Bowen was the winner of four races during the meeting, his name being changed after running the third race from Bowen to J. C. Kelly. The following is a summary of the week's racing:

FIRST DAY.—Saturday, May 14, 1864.—Premium of $200, single dash of one mile, free for all horses.

B. R. Tyler enters s h Abu Beker, 4 years old, by Mahomet, dam Rescue by Berthune.....1
W. H. Renfro enters b m Mamona, 6 years old, by Sovereign, dam by imp Glencoe.....2
Major H. Hogan enters b h Zigzag, 4 years old, by Runic, dam by Zenith.....3
J. M. Gibson enters s m Breeze, 5 years old, by Bonnie Laddie, dam by Zenith.....4
Dr. Weldon enters c c Prince of Wales, 4 years old, by Lexington, dam Cyclonia by imp Herald.....Withdrawn
Time—1:47.

SECOND RACE.—Same day.—Boatmen's Division Post Stake, premium $2500, entrance $250, p p added, the second horse to receive $500 and the third horse to save his stake, four mile heats, free for all ages, premium and stake $4750.

John Harper enters c s h Rinordine, 5 years old, by Wagoner, dam Ann Watson, she by imp Glencoe.....1 1
R. A. Alexander enters b m Bay Flower, 5 years old, by Lexington, dam by Bay Leaf.....2 2
Major H. Hogan enters g h Thunder, 5 years old, by Lexington, dam Blue Bonnet.....3 with.
Time—7:46; 7:46½.

SECOND DAY.—May 16.—Premium of $300, mile heats, free to all horses.

John M. Clay enters s f Skedaddle, 4 years old, by imp Yorkshire, dam Magnolia, colors blue and blue..... 4 1 1
J. C. Kelly enters b f Monsoon, by Sovereign, dam the dam of Idlewild, colors red and black..... 1 2 2
B. F. Hutchinson enters b h Laclede, by Lexington, dam by Sidi Hamet, colors red and black..... 3 4 3
Dr. Weldon enters b c Leather Lungs, 4 years old, by Lexington, dam Gossamer, colors red and maroon..... 5 3 4
W. H. Renfro enters b m White Eye, 4 years old, by Zero, dam Florida, colors black and blue..... 2 dr
Barnes & Barry enter b m Rainy Night, 4 years old, by Lexington, dam Angeline, colors red, white, and blue.. 6 5 dr
T. J. January enters b c Mac Chesney, 4 years old, by Vandal, dam by imp Sovereign, color brown..... 7 dr
Time—1:48½; 1:48¼; 1:49½.

SECOND RACE.—Same day.—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, mile heats, premium $400, entrance $50, p p.

R. A. Alexander names c c Norfolk, by Lexington, dam Novice.....1 1
Zeb Ward names b c Tipperary, by Ringgold, dam by imp Chesterfield.....2 2
John Harper names g c Loadstone, by Lexington, dam Blue Bonnet.....dis
Reber & Kurtz name b c Scotland, by imp Bonnie Scotland, dam by imp Monarch.....dis
Barnes & Barry name b f Neutrality, by Revenue, dam Sea Breeze.....dis
G. W. Ford names s f by Star Davis, dam Sally Black.....dis
Time—1:46½; 1:47.

THIRD RACE.—Tuesday, May 17.—Premium $500, mile heats, for all ages, to carry 100 pounds.

W. H. Renfro enters b m Mamona, 6 years old, by imp Sovereign, dam by imp. Glencoe, colors black and blue..... 1 1
Colonel McLaren enters b m Vignette, 6 years old, by Vandal, dam Magdalene, by Medoc, colors red and black..... 3 2
Dr. J. N. Weldon enters b h Mat Davis, aged, by Star Davis, dam Rally, by Trustee, colors red and maroon..... 2 dis
Time, 1:50; 1:46½.

SECOND RACE.—Same day—Premium $500, two mile heats, for all ages.

John Harper enters s h Bowen, 5 years old, by Vandal, dam sister to Venture, color orange..... 1 1
Morton & Simms enters bro h Captain Allen, 6 years old, by imported Sovereign, dam by Luzborough, colors red and blue..... 3 3
John C. Kelly enters bay h Legal Tender, 5 years old, by Sovereign, dam the dam of Idlewild, colors red and white, black cap..... 2 2
Time, 3:49; 3:46.

FOURTH DAY.—Wednesday, May 18.—Dash of two miles, for all ages, premium $500.

John Harper enters ches Bowen, 5 years old, by Vandal, dam by Brawner's Eclipse, color orange..... 1
R. A. Alexander enters b c Ulverston, 3 years old, by Lexington, dam Utility, by imp Yorkshire, colors blue and white.. 2
W. H. Renfro enters b f, 4 years old, by Ringgold, dam Roxanas, by imp Chesterfield, colors black and blue..... 3
Time, 3:38½.

SECOND RACE—Same day—Stock Dealers Division, Post Stake, premium $2,500, entrance $250, p. p., the second horse to get $500, the third to save his stake, mile heats, three best in five, for all ages. Closed with the following entries, premiums and stakes amounting to $5,750:

John M. Clay enters ch s mare Skedaddle, 4 years old, by imp Yorkshire, dam by imp Glencoe..... 4 2 1 1 1
John Harper enters b f Sue Lewis, 4 years old, by Lexington, dam by Glencoe out of Blue Bonnet.. 1 1 3 5 3
Mr. Renfro enters b m Mamona, 6 years old, by imp Sovereign, dam by imp Glencoe..... 2 3 2 4 4
Reber & Kurtz enter b h Surprise, 4 years old, by Bonnie Scotland, dam out of Young Fashion.... 3 4 4 2 2
McLaren & Hutchinson enter s m Anna Travis, 4 years old, by imp Yorkshire..... 5 5 5 3 5
R. A. Alexander enters b m Mattie Goss, 4 years old, by Lexington out of the dam of Dick Doty..... 6 6 6 dr.
Zeb Ward enters b c Tom Worley, 3 years old, by George Martin, grandam by Glencoe..... 8 dr
J. C. Kelly enters b h Bailey Peyton, 5 years old, by imp Albion, dam by imp Sovereign..... 7 dr
Time, 1:46¾; 1:45¼; 1:47; 1:51½; 1:47¾.

FIFTH DAY—Thursday, May 19. — Mile heats, free for all ages; premium $300.

Tyle & Co. enters s. c. Abu Beker, four years old, by Mahomet, dam Rescue. Colors red and white..... 0 1 1
Morton & Simms enters b. m. Sympathy, five years old, by imp. Scythian, dam Prunella. Colors red, white and blue. 0 2 2
Barnes & Barry enter b. m. Rainy Night, four years old, by Lexington, dam Angelina. Colors red, white and blue. 4 3 3
Zeb Ward enters b. h. Blondin, five years old, by imp. Sovereign, dam by Glencoe. Colors, fancy..... 5 5 4
W. H. Renfro enters b. m. Corn House, five years old, by Lambda, dam by Epsilon. Colors, black and blue..... 3 dis.
Time—1:49¼—1:46—1:50.

SECOND RACE—Same day—Sweepstakes for three-year olds, mile heats. Premium $500. Entrance $100, half-forfeit.

R. A. Alexander enters b. c. Asteroid, by Lexington, dam Nebula.....1 1
Zeb Ward enters b. c. Tipperary, by Ringgold, dam by imp. Chesterfield.....3 2
Reber & Kurtz enter b. c. Scotland, by imp. Bonnie Scotland, dam by imp. Monarch.....2 dis.
Time—1:47¼—1:46¾.

SIXTH DAY—Friday, May 20.—Premium $500. Mile heats, three in five. Free for all horses.

Dr. B. R. Tyler enters s. c. Bowen, five years old, by Vandal, dam by Brawner's Eclipse. Color, red and white. 3 1 1 1
W. H. Renfro enters b. f. four years old, by Ringgold, dam by Roxana. Colors, black and blue.....1 2 2 2
Major Hogan enters b. c. Zigzag, four-years old, by Runic, dam by Zenith. Colors, black and red.....2—dis.
B. F. Hutchinson enters b. c. Laclede, four years old, by Lexington, dam by Ellen Carlyle. Colors, red and black.....4 dis* 0
Time—1:50¼—1:45—1:49¼—1:49¾.

SECOND RACE—Same Day. Ladies' premium, $1200, three-mile heats. Free for all ages.

John Harper enters s. h. Rhinordine, by Wagner, dam Ann Watson. Color, orange.....1 1

R. A. Alexander enters b. m. Bay Flower. Colors, blue and white.....3 2
Major Hogan enters g. h. Thunder, five years old, by Lexington, dam Blue Bonnet. Colors, black and red.....2—w
* Rider fell off ☠ the lower turn.
Time—5:41¾—5:43¼.

SEVENTH DAY.—Saturday, May 21.—Social Club Handicap, premium $750, dash of two miles and a half, entrance $50, p. p., $250 of the purse to go to the winner of the first mile and a half, $100 to go to the second horse, provided it is not the winner of the mile and a half premium, in that case it shall go to the third horse, free for all ages.

B. R. Tyler enters s h J. C. Kelly (late Bowen), 5 years old, by Vandal, dam by Brawner's Eclipse, 120 pounds colors red and white..... 1
W. H. Renfro enters b h Mamona, 6 years old, by imp Sovereign, dam by Glencoe, 112 pounds, colors black and blue..... 2
Colonel McLaren enters b m Vignette, 6 years old, by Vandal, dam by Medoc, 107 pounds, colors red and black..... 3
J. C. Kelly enters b h Legal Tender, 5 years old, by imp Sovereign, dam the dam of Idlewild, 112 pounds, colors red and black..... 4
R. A. Alexander enters b c Ulverston, 3 years old, by Lexton, dam Utilla, 96 pounds, colors blue and white..... wit'd
Dr. J. W. Weldon enters b c Surprise, 4 years old, by imp Bonnie Scotland, dam by imp Monarch, 105 pounds, colors red and maroon..... wit'd
Time, 4:42¼.

SAME DAY.—The Underwood Gift of $150, entrance $25 added, mile heats, for Western bred horses.

Dr. J. W. Weldon enters b h Surprise, 4 years old, by imp Bonnie Scotland, dam by imp Monarch, colors red and maroon..... 2 1 1
W. H. Renfro enters b m White Eye, 4 years old, by Zero, dam by Epsilon, colors black and blue..... 1 2 2
Ed Thompson enters s h Jack White, 4 years old, by Epsilon, dam by Glencoe, colors red and white..... 3 3 3
Time, 1:50¾; 1:49¾; 1:53¼.

THIRD RACE.—Association Handicap, dash of four miles, premium of $400.

J. C. Kelly enters s g Red Oak, aged, by Second Altorf, 110 pounds..... 1
B. F. Hutchinson enters s m Anna Traverse, 4 years old, by imp Yorkshire, dam Zenobia, 100 pounds, colors red and black..... 2
Time, 7:34.

THE TURF IN NEW BRUNSWICK.—The Fredericton N. B. Races came off over the York track on the 24th of May. The track was in good order, considering that it was only finished late in October last. The day was fine and the spectators were numerous and respectable. Carriages occupied by fashionable ladies thronged the enclosure, together with a fair sprinkling of all sorts from the neighboring towns and cities, who came to witness and who all seemed to be delighted with the sport.

The following races were contested at mile heats:—

RUNNING.

1st. City Purse, subscribed by the citizens, value, $600.

P. Mulligan's b m, 5 yrs, 9st 2lb.....1 1
W. Church's b m, 6 yrs, 9st 10lb.....2 2
Time, 1:48; 1:53.

The above was well contested throughout.

2d. Garrison Sweepstakes, given by the officers of the garrison, $600.

H. McMonagle's b m, 7 yrs, 9st 13lb.....1 1
Hart's br g, 9st 13lb.....2 2
Time, 1:53; 1:50.

TROTTING.

1st. Open to all, mile heats, in sulkeys.

A. Brown's blk g Wolf.....1 1 1
G. Stackford's w m White Wench.....2 2 2
Time, 2:45; 2:46; 2:45.

2d. For a New Sulkey, value, $60.

H. McMonagle's c m Quebec Lass.....1 1 2 1
H. Allen's brown mare.....2 1 1 2
Time, 2:58; 3:03; 3:03.

In the first trot Brown's horse Wolf took a decided lead and maintained it throughout the race in every heat. In the second trot the race was very interesting, first one leading and then the other; the Lass, however, proved to have too much bottom for the black, and on the home stretch showed her superior condition.

TROTTING AT BOSTON.—There was an excellent trot at the Franklin Park on the 25th of May, but in consequence of the chilliness of the atmosphere, the attendance was not large. In the first heat the black had the pole, which he kept to the close, although he was several times in danger of losing it. Six lengths from the stand it was anyone's race, and it was only by superior driving that Contraband was landed a winner. The second and third heats were similar, the black taking the lead and winning by a couple of lengths. The following is a summary:

Purse of $50, mile heats, best 3 in 5, to harness.

J. J. Bowen enters blk g Contraband.....1 1 1
E. L. Norcross enters ch s Henry Columbus.....2 2 2
A. Gilmore enters roan g Flying Eaton.....dist.
Time—2:42; 2:43; 2:44.

TROTTING IN HARTFORD, CONN.—The race between the grey colt owned by Nat Perkins and others of Manchester, N. H., and a bay colt named Royal George, owned by Mr. Beckwith, of Hartford, Connecticut, came off on Saturday, May 21, at the Hartford Trotting Park. The match was for $500, mile heats, best three in five, to go in harness. A very lively and close race was anticipated before the start, but in this the spectators were disappointed, as the Hartford colt was easily distanced in the first heat by his three year old rival from Manchester, who trotted the mile in 2:50, and could have taken off several seconds if there had been any necessity for letting out his speed. Joe Williams handled the winning colt, and Dan Mace saw the distance flag come down before the Hartford pony.

TROTTING IN CHICAGO.—On the 20th of May, the second trot of the Chicago Driving Association took place on the track at the Cottage Grove. The attendance was large, and the weather decidedly hot. The contest was between Black Diamond, Gen. Grant, and Boston, the former winning three heats out of the four trotted. A purse of $50 was presented to the owner of the winning horse by the Association.

THE RING.

ONE MILE FOOT RACE

AT THE
FRANKLIN TROTTING PARK, BOSTON,
BETWEEN
JOSEPH H. MURCH, the New England Champion,
AND
TOM SMITH, of Leeds, England,
ON
FRIDAY, JUNE 18th, 1864,
For $250 a side.

A Foot Race will take place as above, and from the reputation of both men an extraordinary contest is anticipated.

Everything will be done to make the affair an agreeable one to the spectators.

The City Railroad Cars go within
8-3t* HALF A MILE OF THE TRACK.

THE COBURN AND MACE AFFAIR.

Our trans-Atlantic cousins are very much exercised in connection with the approaching conflict between the Irish-American Champion, Joe Coburn, and the British gladiator, Jem Mace. Although up to the latest advices from England it was not known that Coburn had left these shores, they were eagerly watching every little item in the CLIPPER concerning the match. The *Illustrated Sporting News*, of May 14, has the following editorial in relation to this affair:

"Until the arrival of the venturesome, though doubtless gallant American representative of the fisticuffs—Josephus Coburn—we shall have little to communicate, in reliable information, as to the progress of the match, for it is evidently a *dies non* (officially speaking) as to the merrie morning he may get out of the jetty of New York, or his landing in the United Kingdom. Coburn is, naturally enough, busying his friends in frequent visitations on the warfare soil that he has made his home since his emigration from his native Isle of Erin, into which he is about to venture to do battle with the Saxon Zingari from the Prince of Wales' Sandringham region of Norfolk—*videlicite* the celebrated Swaffham coursing plains anent the banks of the Yare. As we have said, there are no signs of "the coming man" at present; and we yet linger on in doubtful curiosity as to when he and Cusick are likely to retouch the shores of Albion. A fair wind and passage say we (as with myriads here) for their fair steamage across the Channel, and the sooner we hear further, the better, just in order to suit and satisfy both the Britishers and Emeralders. Of a verity, nothing will be believed or trusted in at Thames side until articles are ratified between the two belligerents; although we have not the slightest doubt whatever but that another sensational international match between the two boxers named will speedily furnish food for conversation with those who have discoursed so fully and freely upon the milling adventures of Sir Thomas de Sayers and the Benicia Boy, at Farnborough; and the recent forlorn at Wadhurst, with the fighting King, of Limehouse. As we invariably keep our readers well posted upon all the most interesting pugilistic topics of the day, we may as well quote "Manhattan," the American correspondent of our Fleet-street *Standard*, who has clearly repeated his stereotyped idea of the scale of betting between Coburn and Mace (in ordinary courtesy we mention the stranger first,) as the *Standard* man exactly did with regard to his premised speculation upon the ever-to-be-remembered wager of battle between the now extinct professors of the "noble art of self-defence"—Sayers and Heenan. Those terse remarks are as follows, and must be taken exactly for what they are intrinsically worth, like some of the Five Point greenbacks, as *nil*. Here are, at length, "Manhattan's" ideas upon this now absorbing topic between the sporting *habitues* from the modern Babylon of peace and civilization, either to the Land's End of Cornwall, or our beautiful and happily sister allianced country which has been so gloriously described as the "first flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea":—

"Our sports North do not go to war. They are generally Democrats. I do not know of a prominent gambler who is now in the war. These men have now a new excitement in the coming fight between Mace and Coburn. Large sums will be bet upon the result. Coburn will refuse to increase the stakes as proposed by Mace for the reason that the betting here is 2 to 1 on Mace, and it is such bets that Coburn will take instead of betting even, as he would have to do if he increased the stakes.

"Of the gipsy patriot of Norfolk, we cannot but remark that he is still striving hard to propitiate the Irishmen with his good graces; and his visits to Old Erin have gained him golden opinions in the estimation of good and true men—those that have deservedly the 'tongue of good report'"—in most of the principal cities of Erin Go Bragh.

"In answer to numerous demands from our subscribers, we beg to state that we are preparing faithful portraitures of the two international warriors named above, and as they will be issued on finely-tinted paper worthy of sporting drawing-room keepsakes, doubtless our publisher will be sufficiently early informed by our agents of the United Kingdom as to the extent of their orders, in order that their requirements may not unnecessarily be beyond the period of publication."

Our neighbor is very prosey over the great contest, and not a line appears in the London dailies but that is eagerly seized and commented upon. The "Manhattan" referred to is Joseph Scoville, formerly agent for Lola Montez. *Bell's Life*, judging from the following brief paragraph, is anxiously looking for Coburn's arrival:—

"We are as yet in the dark as to any further progress with this match. Mace's friends are all agog for the arrival of the American hero, and some disappointment is expressed that nothing has been heard from Joe during the last week. We trust, however, the next mail will either bring him in *propria persona*, or some agent to arrange matters on his behalf.

Our friends no doubt had the pleasure of announcing his *debut* in England in their next issue.

JOE FOOTE AND TIM DERMODY'S BENEFIT.—These club-swingers had their first benefit at the Stuyvesant on the 28th ult., but we are sorry to say it was not so numerously attended as it would have been had they selected any other night except Saturday. The affair was probably as much a success as if some men better known had tried it on, and it was not want of respect to Joe and Tim that it was not better attended. On Saturday evenings the Sports want to visit as many places as possible, and with the dance houses, club rooms and free and easies all in full blast, patronized as they are by the very class of men who attend exhibitions, it was hardly to be expected that the house would be filled. The affair was well advertised, and more bills were posted than for the majority of shows of this kind, but it was only money thrown away under the circumstances. It was pretty late before the opening ceremonies took place, with Chevalier Tovee as the Grand Master. Sam Davis being "indisposed." The first performer introduced was Geo. C. Dobson, the famous banjo teacher, who rattled off almost as much music with one instrument as a brass band, and had to repeat it. Sturgis, a dancer, blacked up, and in nigger regalia, gave the Essence and a Walk Around, followed by Dick Hill with his light clubs. Young Golden danced a jig, and Jake Smith did a bone solo, both very fine. Young Hill shook himself in a dance and song, with the youngest of the Dobsons to accompany him on the banjo. The sparring was opened by Hanley and Mike Coburn, who had a savage passage at arms, wherein Hanley got his deserts and was warmed pretty lively by Mickey. Milage Cornell and J. W. Whitney had a stunning box, and brought down the house. The set-to between Ben Hogan and Corcoran bespoke hard knocks from the word go. Ben, for his first metropolitan appearance, creating a very favorable impression, and when next he gets up we shall have more to say. Grady and Dwyer performed well. Ed. Russell put the light and heavy clubs through the movements. The wind-up was a sparring match between Joe Foote and Ed. Russell, their first appearance in this line of business. Russell is well up in the art, and only for Joe's long arms, would have plugged him oftener than he did. Possibly they may take a notion to spar some other time, when we shall have more room to speak about it.

LOSS OF A VALUABLE TESTIMONIAL.—We regret to learn that as the clever and popular nigger minstrel, Frank Brower, of Wood's Minstrels, was at Jersey City Ferry, *en route* to Philadelphia last Friday night, whither he had been summoned on account of his father-in-law's dangerous illness, he was relieved of the beautiful gold watch recently presented to him by his friends in this city, as a token of their esteem and respect for the artist and man. The loss is the greater to Frank, as he valued it far more on account of its associations, than even its pecuniary value. Should the party who found or "annexed" it, have done so in ignorance of the name and character of the owner, we hope that the recollection of the amusement and fun which he has derived from witnessing the unequalled professional representations of "Happy Uncle Tom," will induce him to return it addressed to this office, and receive in return the thanks of its proper owner.

JOHNNY KEATING OFF FOR CINCINNATI.—The game little opponent of Dick Hollywood, who has been laid up for the past three months with rheumatism, called at our office on the 30th ult., and stated that he would leave for Cincinnati during the present week, where he intends to give an exhibition the latter part of next week. Keating has a host of friends there and is sure of a good benefit.

BARNEY AARON GONE TO BOSTON.—Johnny Aaron informs us that Barney has left town for Boston to participate in the Dooney Harris' exhibition. Barney will train for his fight with Drumgoole at Chelsea Beach, Mass., under the watchful eye of Sheffield George. He will also make a flying visit to New York for the purpose of taking a benefit shortly.

YOUNG DRUMGOOLE IN TRAINING.—Drum is already hard at work taking his physic and gentle exercise at Mark Maguire's Hotel on the 8th Avenue, between 143d and 144th streets, and is to be accompanied in a few days by Johnny Mackey as trainer.

DIDN'T GO TO ENGLAND.—Owing to unexpected sickness, Johnny Mackey was compelled to cancel his trip to England until some future day. As soon as his health will warrant, he is to look after Drumgoole and prepare him for his match with Barney Aaron on the 24th, after which he expects to go for sure.

REMAN

THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

Come near me, let me lay my hand
Once more upon thy brow,
And let me whisper in thine ear,
Love's last and fondest vow.
The lips that breathe these trembling words
Will soon be cold in death,
And thy dear cheek can feel no more
Their warm and loving breath.

I go from thee; God only knows
How I have longed to stay—
How I have shuddered thus to tread
The lone and shadow'd way.
Faith tells me that I soon may know
The joys the blessed find,
And yet I falter, while I cast
A ling'ring look behind.

I see thee bowed before me here,
In bitterness and tears,
But I can leave thee something still
To light thy weary years.
Young, tender forms will cling to thee,
Perhaps will miss my tone,
And though they may not share thy grief,
Thou wilt not feel alone.

Fold them still closer to thy breast,
To soothe their childish woe,
And cheer the many lonely hours
The motherless must know.
The world, with all its hopes and joys
Will sometimes make thee glad,
But they must linger round a hearth
All desolate and sad.

And oh! when time shall calm thy grief,
Perchance the hour may come,
When thou wilt win another form
To share thy heart and home.
When thou wilt welcome to thy board
A younger, fairer face,
And bid thy children smile on her
Who takes their mother's place.

But think not could I speak to thee,
That I would frown or blame,
Though they should love the stranger one,
And call her by my name;
For they will speak to thee of me,
My memory is their trust,
A word, a smile, a look like mine,
Will call me from the dust.

Yet make my grave no place of tears,
But let the dear ones bring
To cheer their mother's lonely home,
The blossoms of the spring;
And even there thou too may'st kneel,
And softly press the earth
That covers her whose face once gave
A brightness to thy hearth.

Then will the forms of early years
Steal softly to thy side,
And for an hour thou canst forget
Thou hast another bride.
She may be all thy heart can ask,
So dear, so true to thee,
But O! the spring-time of thy love,
Its freshness was for me.

May she be blest who comforts thee,
And with a gentle hand
Still guide the little trembling ones
That make our household band.
She cannot know the tenderness
That fills their mother's breast,
But she can love them for thy sake,
And make thee more than blest.

Yet keep one place, one little place,
From all the rest apart,
One spot which I can call "a home,"
Within thy faithful heart;
And in the holy hour of dreams,
When spirits fill the air,
With tender eye and folded wing
I'll softly rest me there.

May God forgive this erring love,
That is to mortals given,
It almost woos my spirit back
From happiness and Heaven.
And yet I feel it will not die,
When this frail life is o'er,
But watch till all my loved ones come,
Where we shall part no more.

WHO SHOT THE WOLF?

A Story of the Walton Club.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ONE OF 'EM.

The Isaac Walton Trout-fishing Club, with its yearly visit to the "North Woods" of New York, has been so long an established fact, that any particular description of it or its members is entirely unnecessary among knowing ones. Our present respected Mayor, Professor L. de Garno Brookes; U. S. Treasurer Spinner, of greenback signature notoriety; George Dawson, of the *Albany Evening Journal;* and a host of other good fellows belong to it, all sufficient vouchers for its stability and aristocratic standing.

But to the sketch, drawn from life, that awaits the reader's eye.

It was in "leafy June," in the year before the Rebellion of '61, that about a dozen members of the club started in from Boonville, the terminus of the Black River Railroad, to go to the camp of the Club, then situated on the Fourth Lake of the Fulton chain, in the celebrated "John Brown tract."

There was the "Boots Cashier," from Utica; Bill Dutton, also from the same place; the "Alderman," from the Hudson, below Albany; George Dawson, and the "Skeleton," who so likes pork and greens, that salmon, noose-meat or venison are nowhere, when they are about, with him, all in company, besides others whose names do not occur to me at this moment.

The party, not "cocked" but all "well primed," started from the Boonville Hotel at the dawn of day, to foot it in to Arnold's; their traps, with the exception of various guns and revolvers, having started the night before, under the care of Ed. Arnold, the old man's red-headed son, with the horse train.

It is some twenty miles in to Arnold's, and the road cut or picked out about a hundred years ago, having improved backwards ever since, is not exactly a turnpike, or very pleasant for a ramble. On over roots and stones, rocks and gullies, through mud as deep as purgatory and twice as sticky, went our party at the rate of about two miles an hour—certainly not more, perhaps less. The "Skeleton" labored fearfully, for he was carrying *weight* be it known, and even the honest face of Journalistic George gave forth a dew that bespoke unusual exertion on his part.

But perseverance is ever rewarded, and just as the last rays of the setting sun were gilding the tree tops, the grey roof of old Arnold's hostelry gladdened their weary eyes.

Just then, the Alderman, who had brought a new rifle in with him, was regretting that they had seen no game on the way. And as if to reproach him for his want of faith in Providence, at that moment a huge grey animal, with a long bushy tail, was seen bounding down the road towards them.

"A wolf! A wolf!" cried Dawson and two or three others, who were supposed to be well versed in the knowledge of wild beasts and beastesses.

In an instant every gun and revolver in the party was cocked and raised with deadly aim towards the advancing animal. Another moment and every gun and pistol was discharged, and the animal, with a wild, unearthly howl, fell dead to the ground.

The exultant party rushed on to view the body of their victim.

It appeared upon examination that only one shot had taken effect, and that had struck the beast between his eyes, and of course killed him instantly.

"That was my shot!" cried the Alderman. "I aimed for his eyes!"

"No, sir—it was mine!" cried Mr. Gunther. "I fired at his head, and it is well known that I never miss my aim!"

"Gentlemen, you are both mistaken!" said the Professor. "I had a bead on the centre of his forehead, and I shoot an Ogden rifle, you know!"

The dispute was growing hotter and hotter, when a third person joined the party, it being no other than old Arnold, who was, as usual, half drunk, and now in a towering rage.

"Who in thunder has shot my dog?" he yelled. "I want fifty dollars from the man that has shot my dog!"

"Your dog?" cried George Dawson. "Why, man, it is a wolf!"

"No, *sir*, only half wolf! The other half hound, and worth more than any other dog on the tract. I want fifty dollars from the man that killed him!"

There was a silence then and there among the disputants for the honor of having fired that death-shot. The Professor forgot in a moment that with his Ogden rifle he had "drawn a bead" on the fated beast. The Mayor in embryo did not recollect that *he* had fired at the head of the wolf.

And to this day it remains unknown who shot old Arnold's wolf dog.

A Droll Letter.—The following copy of a droll letter, written by a soldier to the mayor of a village near Ham, in a answer to a note informing him of the death of his father, is published in a Frinch Provincial paper:—

"I heartily thank Mr. Mayor for my father's death It is a little accident which frequently happens in families—As for myself, I am in the hospital minus one leg, with which I have the honor to salute you."

Who Did Then, If They Didn't?—When you see a dwarf you may be sure that his parents *never made much of him.*

THE HUNTER, ASSASSIN, AND BANKER;

OR,

The Rifle Shot and its Results.

In the autumn of 1817, while the woods were bright with the variegated hues which follow the light touches of early frost, a mounted traveller was quietly pursuing his way through a dark, broad, lonely forest in the western part of the state of New York. He had ridden three miles since seeing a human habitation, and he had to go two before he could get sight of another. He was descending a hill into a gloomy looking valley, through which flowed a shallow but swift running stream, and on reaching the water he permitted his thirsty beast to stop and drink.

At that moment a man came out from a cluster of bushes into the road or horse path, on the other side of the stream.

This man was dressed like a hunter, and carried a rifle on his shoulder. In his general appearance there was nothing that indicated hostility or a wicked design. He was of a medium size, compactly built, with intellectual features and a certain air of gentility—seeming rather as one abroad from some settlement for a day's sport, than a professional hunter. All this the mounted traveller carefully noted before he crossed the stream to continue his journey, and when they came together a pleasant salutation was exchanged.

"Fine weather for travelling, sir," remarked the man with the gun.

"And for hunting, also, I should suppose," smiled the other, on the horse.

"Yes, there is game enough," replied the other, "but I am not a good hunter, and can only show one bear for my day's work, thus far, and that is almost useless to me, because I have no means to take it away. I would willingly give a dollar for the use of a horse like yours for a couple of hours. If you could spare five minutes or so, I would like you to see the bear. It is only just back behind these bushes, some two hundred yards from here."

"I will not only look at it," replied the traveller, dismounting and fastening his horse, "but, if not too heavy, I will carry it for you, seeing I am mounted and you are on foot."

The hunter thanked him pleasantly, and then, as if to make himself agreeable and keep up the conversation, inquired where the other was from, whither journeying, and so forth, and learned in reply that the latter resided in Albany, was a merchant in good business, and was travelling partly with the view of making an extensive land purchase for future speculation.

"Well, here we are!" exclaimed the hunter, as the two emerged from the thicket, through which they had slowly forced their way, into the more open wood; "and now I will show you as fine and fat a beast as you ever saw."

He stepped back some eight or ten feet, deliberately raised the piece to his shoulder, and pointed the muzzle directly at the head of the traveller. There was a flash, a loud report, and the victim fell like a log, his face covered with blood.

This might or might not have been the first crime committed by the man with the rifle, but as the traveller fell, the rifle slipped from his hands, and he shook violently from head to foot; yet he ran to his victim and hurriedly robbed him of his purse, a pocket-book, a gold watch and chain, some curious seals, a diamond breast pin, and a diamond ring, which he fairly tore off from his finger. He then dragged his body into the thicket, picked up his rifle, and plunged madly through the bushes to the road, mounted the horse, and dashed away from that terrible scene.

We must suppose a lapse of twenty or thirty years.

In the spring of 1837, there lived in the city of New York a banker and millionaire, whom we shall call Stephen Edwards. He owned a palatial mansion, splendidly furnished, in the very heart of the town, and he and his wife were among the leaders of the fashionable world. They had a beautiful daughter, just turned of sixteen, who was about to be married to a foreign nobleman, and great preparations were making for that event.

One day, about this period, as the great banker stood conversing with a gentleman from another city, who had called to see him on business, he observed the latter suddenly turn pale, and begin to tremble.

"My dear sir," he said, in the usual tone of off-hand sympathy, "what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"A little faint, sir, but nothing to cause any alarm," replied the other, hurriedly; "I am subject to similar spells. If you will excuse me for ten minutes or so, I will take a short walk and return in better condition."

In ten minutes he did return, said he was quite well, calmly proceeded to finish his business with the banker, and respectfully took his leave.

It was, perhaps, a week after this, that one night the great banker was sitting before the fire in his library, when a servant came in and presented a letter. He took it with a yawn, opened it in the most indolent and indifferent manner, but had not read a dozen words before he came up with a start, turned deadly pale, and trembled so that the paper rattled. He finished the note—for it was rather a note than a letter—worked one hand nervously at his throat, and, with the other, clasped his forehead and temples. For a minute or two he seemed to be choking into calmness, by an iron will, some terrible emotion, and he so far succeeded as to address the waiting servant in an ordinary tone.

"James," he said, "tell me, who gave you this letter?"

"A man, sir, and he said he'd wait for the answer."

"Then he is waiting?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; show him in."

Soon there was a light tap on the door, and the banker said, "Come in," in an ordinary tone.

The servant opened the door, ushered in the stranger, and immediately withdrew. The latter was a man verging on sixty, of rough appearance, and coarse attire. He wore an old gray overcoat, buttoned to the throat, and a pair of green goggles, and his whole dress was completely saturated with rain.

"Take a seat," said the banker, pointing to a chair near the fire.

"No, thank you, I'll stand," was the gruff reply. "You got my note, and of course know my business."

"You allude to this, I suppose?" returned the banker, producing the letter which had caused him so much perturbation a moment before.

"Yes."

"I do not understand it! you must have made a mistake!"

"No, no mistake at all. I was present twenty years ago, come the tenth day of next October, and saw you shoot him, and if you go for to deny it, I'll have you in prison before morning. I've laid my plans and got everything sure, and if you go to playing innocent, and refusing my terms, I'll take care to see you die stretching hemp."

The banker, in spite of himself, turned pale, and staggered to a seat.

"What do you want?" he groaned.

"A hundred thousand dollars—not a cent less!"

"I cannot—it would ruin me!"

"Just as you say," rejoined the other, moving towards the door; "you know what'll follow if I go this way."

"Oh! stay!" cried the man of crime, in terrible alarm.

He argued, urged, pleaded, implored for mercy at a less fearful cost. In vain. The banker, seeing ruin, disgrace and death before him if he refused, agreed to meet the stranger with the required sum on the following night in front of St. Paul's Church. Both were punctual to the fixed time, and bills and checks, to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars, changed hands.

A month later there was a tremendous run on the bank of which Stephen Edwards was the owner. It was soon broken and closed. The sheriff was set to work by his eager creditors, and all of the real estate and personal property of the late millionare was seized and sold, leaving him a beggar, and the just claims unsatisfied. Fashionable friends deserted the family, and the proud nobleman refused the hand of a ruined banker's daughter.

In the very midst of this disgrace and tribulation, Stephen Edwards encountered the man who turned so pale and became so agitated in his presence a short time before.

"Your face seems somewhat familiar, but I cannot place you," returned Edwards.

"Permit me to bring myself to your recollection then, as I wish you to know me. A little more than six weeks ago I was talking with you on business, and you observed that I turned deadly pale, and became agitated."

"Ah, yes, I remember you now."

"Let me tell you why I was thus affected. My eye had just chanced upon a curious seal which once belonged to a merchant named Philip Sydney, who was shot in the western part of the State twenty years ago; and on looking at your features closely, I knew you to be the villain who perpetrated the foul deed!"

"Merciful God!" exclaimed the *ci-devant* banker, with a blanched face and quaking form.

"Yes, I know," pursued the other, "and a week after I disguised myself, and had an interview with you in your mansion. You remember that, of course?"

"But," gasped the trembling wretch, "did I not pay you your own price to keep my fatal secret?"

"Yes, and with that very money and what other I could command, I was enabled to buy up enough of your own bills to cause that run on your bank which broke it, and forced ruin upon your bank and upon you!"

"And what would you now that I am ruined?" inquired the other with the deadly calmness of desperation.

"Now that I have had my revenge, I want you to know that I myself am the man you attempted to murder, and did rob! *I am Philip Sydney!* Behold the scar where the ball struck and glanced!" and he lifted his hat and showed it.

"God be praised!" ejaculated the other; "God be praised that you are still living," and unable to restrain his emotion, burst into tears. "Oh, sir," he continued, "you have taken a load from my conscience—a weight from my soul! Though poverty, beggary, disgrace and death are staring me in the face, I am happy in the knowledge that I am not guilty of murder—more happy than I have been for years, with all the luxurious surroundings of wealth! It was my first and last crime. I have never been able to tell how I was tempted to so outrage my nature as on that fearful occasion. Now, sir, do with me what you will, only, I pray you, be merciful to my innocent family!"

"I forgive you!" returned the other, extending his hand. "I forgive you! You have been fearfully punished already, and, as God has seen proper to preserve and bring us together, let us hope it is for our present salvation, and endeavor so to live as to deserve the blessings we receive! I will restore you enough to place you and your family above want; and for the rest, I trust we shall both remember we shall soon have to render an account of our stewardship in another world."

Philip Sydney kept his word; and, with a fresh start in the world, and now an easy conscience, the still enterprising Stephen Edwards accumulated a respectable fortune, much of which was spent in charity.

Philip Sydney died in 1847, and Stephen Edwards in 1854.

From a private source we have all the facts we have recorded.

Is not truth stranger than fiction?

A NOISY COUPLE;

OR,

The Deaf Aunt and the Deaf Wife.

I had an aunt coming to visit me for the first time since my marriage, and I don't know what evil genius prompted the wickedness which I perpetrated towards my wife and ancient relative.

"My dear," said I to my wife, on the day before my aunt's arrival, "you know Aunt Mary is coming to-morrow; well, I forgot to mention a rather annoying circumstance with regard to her. She's very deaf—and although she can hear my voice, to which she's accustomed, in its ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be heard. It will be rather inconvenient, but I know you will do everything in your power to make her stay agreeable."

I then went to John T——, who loves a joke about as well as any person I know of, told him to be at my house at 6 o'clock on the following evening, and felt comparatively happy.

I went to the railroad depot with a carriage next night, and when I was on my way home with my aunt, I said—

"My dear aunt, there is one rather annoying infirmity that Anna (my wife), has, which I forgot to mention before. She's very deaf, and although she can hear my voice, to which she is accustomed, in its ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be heard. I am very sorry she is so."

Aunt Mary in the goodness of her heart protested that she rather liked speaking loud, and to do so would give her great pleasure.

The carriage drove up—on the steps was my wife—in the window was John T——, with a face as utterly solemn as if he had buried all his relatives that afternoon.

I handed out my aunt—she ascended the steps.

"I am delighted to see you," shrieked my wife, and the policeman on the opposite sidewalk started, and my aunt nearly fell down the steps.

"Kiss me, my dear," howled my aunt; and the hall lamp clattered, and the window shook as with the fever and ague—I looked at the window—John had disappeared. Human nature could stand it no longer. I poked my head into the carriage and went into strong convulsions.

When I went into the parlor, my wife was helping Aunt Mary to take off her hat and cape; and there sat John with his long face of woe.

Suddenly, "Did you have a pleasant journey?" went off my wife like a pistol, and John T—— nearly jumped to his feet.

"Rather dusty!" was the response, in a war whoop, and so the conversation continued.

The neighbors for blocks around must have heard it, when I was in the third story of the building I heard every word plainly.

In the course of the evening my aunt took occasion to say to me—

"How loud your wife speaks—don't it hurt her?"

I told her all deaf persons talked loudly, and that my wife being used to it, was not affected by the exertion, and that Aunt Mary was getting along finely with her.

Presently my wife said, softly—

"Alf, how very loudly your aunt talks!"

"Yes," said I, "all deaf persons do. You're getting along nicely, she hears every word you say." And I rather think she did.

Elated by their success at being understood, they went at it hammer and tongs, till everything on the mantelpiece clattered again, and I was seriously afraid of a crowd collecting in front of the house.

But the end was near. My aunt being of an investigating turn of mind, was desirous of finding out whether the exertion of talking so loud was not injurious to my wife. So—

"Doesn't talking so loud strain your lungs?" said she, in an unearthly hoot, for her voice was not as musical as it was when she was young.

"It is an exertion," shrieked my wife.

"Then why do you do it?" was the answering scream.

"Because—because—you can't hear if I don't," squalled my wife.

"What?" my aunt fairly rivalling a railroad whistle this time.

I began to think it time to evacuate the premises; and looking around and seeing John gone, I stepped into the parlor, and there he lay, flat on his back, rolling from side to side, with his fists poked into his ribs, and a most agonized expression of countenance, but not uttering a sound. I immediately and involuntarily assumed a similar attitude, and I think that from the relative position of our boots and heads, and our attempt to restrain our laughter, apoplexy must have inevitably ensued, if a horrible groan which John gave vent to in his endeavor to suppress his risability had not betrayed our hiding-place.

In rushed my wife and my aunt, who by this time comprehended the joke; and such a scolding as I then got I never got before, and I hope never to get again.

I know not what the end would have been if John, in his endeavors to appear respectful and sympathetic, had not given vent to such a diabolical noise, something between a groan and a horse laugh, that all gravity was upset, and we screamed in concert.

IN THE LINES;

Or, How the Cotton Speculator got Taken Down.

A good story is going the rounds in regard to a citizen of New Orleans, one of those neutral individuals who are on the fence ready to jump on either side policy dictates to be for their interest. He left New Orleans about two months since, bound for the Confederate lines, with the intention of investing what money he had in cotton. The friend who related the incident to me said that just before starting he met him in the street and, after exchanging the usual commonplace remarks, inquired:

"What are you up to now, Brown?"

"Oh, I've just made a good thing; been into the Confederacy and brought out thirty bales of cotton. Bound up again to-morrow, and if nothing happens I'll bring back four times that quantity."

"Be careful, Brown, or you'll get gobbled up. They'll have you in the rebel army."

"Oh, no fear of that. They all know me to be a good Confederate. Besides, I've got British papers."

A month later the two friends met, Brown looking decidedly downcast and seedy. Wallace accosted him with:

"Well, Brown, how about that cotton?"

"Don't talk to me about cotton. Lost everything."

"How's that?"

"Well, you see, I got up to Bayou Sara the same night the rebels made their raid into the place. I had plenty of time to escape, same as good many others did, but I thought I was all right, and so, with a friend, sat down to a game of poker, just to show that we didn't feel at all alarmed. Presently in came some rebs and began to search us. On my partner they found a lot of Confederate money, and they wanted to know what right he had in the Federal lines with Confed. money? So they just took it. Of course I was convinced now that I was all right—my money was all greenbacks. 'What are you doing in the Confederacy with Federal money?' they asked. So they took mine too."

"That was rough. Is that all they done to you?"

"All! No, sir. They stripped me of everything; and one big fellow gave me such a kick as to take me off my feet, with the remark that if they ever caught me in the Confederacy again with so little money they'd hang me."

Dancing in Paris.—There are every day during the season 160 private balls given at Paris. This does not include *bals masque*, public balls, nor mere dancing parties. On an average, 250 persons are invited to every ball, making a total of 32,500, and the season lasts 36 days. Accordingly, 4680 private balls are given during the season. Each costs, on an average, 900f., making a total of 4,212,000f; add to this 25,000 carriage drives per day, reckoned each at 3f, there and back, makes 2,700,000f. per season. Take the ball dresses at 200f. a piece, allowing them to be worn four times; this will give a number of 146,250 ball dresses for 16,250 ladies, and occasion the outlay of 29,250,000f. The head-dresses of 16,250 ladies would amount to 500,000f. per day, making 1,800,000f. in the season. Ribbons, bouquets, gloves, fans, etc., are reckoned cheap at 30f. a lady per night, which comes to 487,500f. for one evening, or 17,550,000f. per season. By a rough calculation, then, the ladies would spend during a Paris season, 60,084,000f.; the gentleman 5,000,000f. for their toilets, and the hosts of the entertainments 4,212,000f., making a sum total of 69,296,000f., or about 2,000,000f. per day.

Juvenile Impudence.—"Why is it," said one of our school marms to a young scapegrace who had caused her much trouble by his bad conduct, "why is it you behaved so well when you first came to school, and are so disobedient now?"

"," said young hopeful looking up into the ce, "I wasn't much acquainted then."

STAGE COMBATS.

A critic thus ludicrously shows up some of the follies, or quackery of the stage:—Chief among the absurdities which seem to have become ineradicable upon the modern stage, is the stereotyped mode of fighting combats at the end of tragedies and in the progress of melodrama. Does anybody in his senses really believe that "Richard" and "Richmond," "Macbeth" and "Macduff," "Harry Monmouth" and "Harry Percy" ever fought such ridiculous fights on Bosworth Field, at Dunsinane and Shrewsbury Plain? And yet this is always looked upon, nay, impatiently waited for, by a large proportion of the audience, as the very cream of the play—the only thing, indeed, worth going to the theatre to see. "Wake me up when Kirby dies!" said the peanut-eating critic of the Chatham pit, in New York. "Did you ever see Kirby fight, say? Just see him once, in the 'lay on, Macduff' business, when he fights three-quarters of an honr, and then falls, wrapping himself up in the American flag, and dies like," &c. Dickens, in his *Nicholas Nickleby*, touches off this absurdity with one of his most trenchant lunges of satire. "The two combatants," he says, "went to work and chopped away until the swords emitted a shower of sparks, to the great satisfaction of Mr. Crummles, who appeared to think this a great point, indeed. The engagement commenced with about two hundred chops administered by the short sailor and the tall sailor, alternately, without producing any particular result, till the short sailor was chopped down on one knee; but this was nothing to him, for he worked himself about on one knee, with the assistance of his left hand, and fought desperately, until the tall sailor chopped his sword out of his grasp. Now the inference was that the short sailor, reduced to this extremity, would give in at once, and cry quarter; but, instead of that, he, all of a sudden, drew a large pistol from his belt and presented it at the face of the tall sailor, who, not expecting it, was so overcome by this that he let the short sailor pick up his sword and begin again. Then the chopping recommenced, and a variety of fancy chops were administered on both sides, such as chops dealt with the left hand, and under the leg, and over the right shoulder, and over the left; and when the short sailor made a vigorous cut at the tall sailor's legs—which would have shaved them clean off if it had taken effect—the tall sailor jumped over the short sailor's sword; wherefore, to balance the matter and make it all fair, the tall sailor administered the same cut, and the short sailor jumped over *his* sword. After this there was a good deal of dodging about and hitching up of the inexpressibles, and then the short sailor (who was the moral character, evidently, for he always had the best of it) made a violent demonstration and closed with the tall sailor, who, after a few unavailing struggles, went down and expired in great torture." Now, funny as this may read, it is, after all, no great caricature of the fights in *Richard, Macbeth* and *Henry IV.*, as usually performed upon the stage. If there were nothing in the positive absurdity of the thing to deter an actor of a reflecting turn of mind from presenting himself in it, one would think that an ordinary degree of the instinct of self-preservation would have that effect.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON ACTORS.

Some writer has said—what, doubtless, thousands of minds have noted—that the power of imitation is one of the earliest and most easily manifested of all the faculties of humanity. Particular organizations and temperaments, however, possess this faculty in a marked and extraordinary degree. Persons themselves distinguished for strong idiosyncratic bias, and not of the sensitive, nervous temperament, are not often remarkable for ability to imitate other peculiar types of character. One of the essential qualifications of a good actor is a largely receptive and—if the expression be allowable—an intensely *human* nature: he requires an organization which shall be able—when the mind has made a thorough conception, based upon analysis and intuitive perception of the character to be portrayed—to lose its own identity, and become, for the time being, *en rapport* with the ideal creation of his brain. For this reason, the best artists are of spare, nervous figures; the contour of the face is elongated, mobile, capable of expansion or contraction—in short, the primitive face of the Caucasian: the more the integrity of the coronal lines are preserved, the more the upper regions are developed, the fewer the angularities and rigidities of the features, the less basilary and retrograding the general outlines of the head, the more certainly may be expected, in an individual of such facial type, the ability to give expression and effect to his attempted renditions of character. The drawbacks of such a constitution are, however, often numerous; excessive sensibility is often the accompaniment of precarious health; the muscular system is often but poorly developed, and unable to endure the excessive fatigue, the nervous excitement, abnormal hours and habits of professional life.

Perhaps investigation will disclose that the most successful actors are not really the best artists: it will possibly be found that individuals of abundant muscular power, less intellectual, and made of coarser but stronger clay than the delicate type alluded to, are in fact the most famous, have amassed the most solid tokens of appreciation. Comedians are usually more versatile, and are, without doubt, more intellectual and less phlegmatic than those gentlemen who undertake the heavy tragic business.

When the meagre advantages which the majority of actors and actresses who become celebrated have enjoyed in their youth, are considered, their attainments are certainly worthy of note, and would seem to indicate that a sort of intuition is one of the attributes of talent. That type of man which seeks his livelihood wholly by the exercise of the imitative faculty, if made a subject of special scientific investigations, might afford a topic of considerable physiological interest.

Down on Shakespeare.—The wealthy mayor of a well-known town in Blankshire became patron of the theatre under Mr. M——y's management in 1850, and gave a hundred guineas for a box for the season. This liberality did not arise from any particular taste for dramatic literature, or any other kind of literature; but he paid thus handsomely for the box because he was a liberal man, liked going to the play, and his predecessor in office paid the same sum, and he would not be outdone. He attended every night, was always pleased and friendly with the manager, till one night Mr. M——y made his appearance in "Hamlet," a play the mayor had never seen; and when, in the mad scene "Hamlet" appeared with his dress in disorder the mayor took offence at the exhibition, and declared to his wife and family, who were in the box with him, his conviction that the actor was drunk, and he would have no such things doing if he could help it. So, accordingly, he went round to the stage and waited at the side till the end of the scene, when he thus addressed the tragedian: "Mr. M——y, till to-night I looked upon you as a respectable man, and now I see you are given to drink, for no sober man would go before a respectable audience with his shirt-frill hanging about like that, and his stockings down! Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself?" The tragedian, astonished at the ignorance of his patron, said, "My dear sir, you are quite mistaken, I assure you. I only adhere to the author's instructions in respect to the disordered dress to show—" "Who wrote this play?" demanded the mayor. "Good God!" exclaimed M——y. "Don't you know Shakespeare wrote it?" "I can't say that I do," replied the mayor, "but I will take care that he writes no more for this house as long as I have anything to do with it, and so you may tell him."

A Sporting Priest.—A letter from Rome recounts a feat performed near Ceprano by a sporting young priest residing in that town. The abbate was, it appears, an enthusiastic cacciator, and had a double barreled breech-loading rifle, of which he was very proud. Near the frontier he was accosted by four brigands, who summoned him to surrender his money and his gun. Actively bounding a step or two backwards, the abbate gave the contents of his two barrels successively to two of his assailants, stretching them on the ground, and before the two survivors recovered from their surprise, he took to his heels, and loaded again as he ran—thanks to the convenience of his breech-loading piece. The two other brigands in pursuit fancied themselves safe, as they had seen their intended victim fire both his barrels, and therefore did their best to catch him; but they became victims themselves instead, for the abbate faced about again all on a sudden, and once more delivered the contents of both barrels with fatal effect.

Facts for the Curious.—Thomas Jefferson and John Adams both died on the 4th of July, 1826. John Adams died in his 91st year, and was eight years older than Thomas Jefferson. Thomas Jefferson was eight years older than James Madison; James Madison was eight years older than James Monroe; James Monroe was eight years older than John Quincy Adams. The first five of our Presidents—all revolutionary men—ended their terms of service in the in the 66th year of their age. Washington, born February 22, 1732; inaugurated 1789; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age. John Adams, born October 19th, 1735; inaugurated 1797; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age. Thomas Jefferson, born April 21st, 1743; inaugurated 1801; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age. James Madison, born March 4th, 1751; inaugurated 1809; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age. James Monroe, born April 2d, 1759; inaugurated 1817; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age.

An Idiom of Language.—The proprietor of a forge, not remarkable for correctness of language, but who, by honest industry, had realized a comfortable independency, being called upon at a social meeting for a toast, gave—"Success to forgery."

Rather Foggy.—A shoemaker, intending to be absent a few days, lampblacked a shingle with the following, without date, and nailed it upon his door: "Will be at home in ten days from the time you see this shingle."

Sensible Mick.—An Irishman being asked, on a rainy day, what he would take to carry a message from Bull's Head to the Battery, answered: "Sure, I'd take a coach."

FIGHTING THE TIGER.

Fighting the tiger in America and India is widely different. Here, as many of our readers well know, and perhaps too well, it consists of exposing the contents of one's purse to the voracious appetite for filthy lucre of those "gentlemen of leisure" who preside at Faro; or, more truthfully speaking, un-Faro banks, where the rule is, "the more you lay down the less you take up." In India, however, tiger fighting is a horse of another color. There they buck at the genuine live animal, and, as may be supposed, it is one of the most exciting scenes that can be witnessed, and calls into play far different capabilities, and elicits altogether opposite emotions. The following account of an actual combat between a man and a tiger illustrates the *modus operandi* of "bucking the tiger" in India:—

"A man entered the arena armed only with a Coorg knife, and clothed in short trousers, which barely covered his hips, and extended half way down the thighs. The instrument which he wielded in his right hand was a heavy blade something like the coulter of a plough, about two feet long, and full three inches wide, gradually diminishing towards the handle, with which it formed a right angle. This knife is used with dexterity by the Coorgs, being swung round in the hand before the blow is inflicted, and then brought in contact with the object intended to be struck with a force and effect truly astounding.

The champion who now presented himself before the Rajah was about to be opposed to a tiger, which he volunteered to encounter almost naked, and armed only with the weapon we have just described. He was rather tall, with a slight figure, but his chest was deep, his arms long and muscular. His legs were thin, yet the action of the muscles was perceptible at every movement; whilst the freedom of his gait, and the contortions he performed preparatory to the hazardous enterprise in which he was about to engage, showed that he possessed uncommon activity, combined with no ordinary degree of strength. The expression of countenance was absolutely sublime when he gave the signal for the tiger to be let loose; it was the very concentration of moral energy—the index of a high and settled resolution. His body glistened with the oil which had been rubbed over it in order to promote the elasticity of his limbs. He raised his arm for several moments above his head, when he made the motion to admit the enemy into the arena. The bars of a large cage were instantly lifted from above; a huge royal tiger sprang forward and stood before the Coorg, waving his tail slowly backward and forward, erecting the hair upon it, and uttering a suppressed howl. The animal first looked at the man, then at the court where the Rajah and his court were seated to see the sport, but did not appear at all easy in its present state of freedom; it was evidently confounded at the novelty of its position. After a short survey, it turned suddenly round and bounded into its cage, from which the keepers, who stood above, beyond the reach of mischief, tried to force it, but in vain. The bars were then dropped, and several crackers fastened to its tail, which now projected through one of the intervals.

A lighted match was put into the hands of the Coorg, the bars were again raised, and the crackers ignited. The tiger now darted into the arena with a terrible yell; and while the crackers were exploding, it leaped, turned and writhed, as if in a state of frantic excitement. It at length crouched in a corner, snarling as a cat does when alarmed. Meanwhile its retreat had been cut off by securing the cage. During the explosion of the crackers, the Coorg stood watching his enemy, and at length advanced towards it with a slow but firm step. The tiger roused itself and retreated, the fur on its back being erect, and its tail apparently dilated to twice the usual size. It was not at all disposed to commence hostilities, but its resolute foe was not to be evaded. Fixing his eyes intently upon the deadly creature's, he advanced with the same measured step, the tiger retreating as before, but still presenting its front to the enemy.

The Coorg now stopped suddenly; then, moving slowly backward, the tiger raised itself to its full height, curved its back to the necessary segment for a spring, and lashed his tail, evidently meditating mischief. The man continued to retire; and so soon as he was at so great a distance that the fixed expression of his eye was no longer distinguishable, the ferocious brute made a sudden bound forward, crouched, and sprung with a short, sharp growl. Its adversary fully prepared for this, leaped actively on one side, and as the tiger reached the ground, swung round his heavy knife and brought it with irresistible force upon the animal's hind leg, just above the joint. The bone was instantly severed, and the tiger effectually prevented from making a second spring. The wounded beast roared; but turning suddenly on the Coorg, who had by this time retired several yards, advanced fiercely upon him, his wounded leg hanging loose in the skin, showing that it was broken. The tiger, now excited to a pitch of reckless rage, rushed forward upon its adversary, who stood with his heavy knife upraised, calmly awaiting the encounter. As soon as the savage creature was within his reach, he brought down the ponderous weapon upon its head with a force which nothing could resist, laid open the skull from ear to ear, and the vanquished foe fell dead at his feet. He then coolly wiped the knife on the animal's hide, made a dignified salaam to the Rajah, and retired amid the loud acclamations of the spectators."

THE "DEAD BEAT."

The ambitious man who has got himself into trouble and Fort Lafayette by manufacturing bogus proclamations, doubtless enjoys his quarters and his change of diet, if we may judge from the following epistle, which is credited to the bogus pen of Howard. It's a pretty good thing, and, as it first appeared in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, of which "Dead Beat" was city editor at the time he came to grief, we guess it's genuine:

Cell 5,311, Second Tier,
Fort Lafayette, May 24, 1864.

Dear Eagle:—In the language of the "magnificent" Vestvali, "I am here." I think I shall stay here—at least till I get out. Perhaps you were surprised at my sudden departure. So was I. But I received a pressing invitation from General Dix to come down here, which I did'nt feel at liberty to decline—so I didn't. Bob Murray brought the invitation. Bob Murray is United States Marshal, and he marshaled me the way I should go, so I thought it best to go it. Bob is a nice man; he has a very taking way with him, but I wouldn't recommend you to cultivate his acquaintance. You may have heard of Fort Lafayette; it is a great resort of the friends of the Administration—over the left.

The location of Fort Lafayette is in the water between the Atlantic Ocean and West Point. It is a good site for a marine residence, but I haven't seen any marines here. It is inaccessible on all sides except the inside. Its *out*-accessibility is what I most object to.

The way you get in is curious, and may interest your readers who haven't been here. You can't go by railroad or steamboat, or horse and buggy. The entrance is effected in a highly military manner, invented, I believe, by Gen. Dix or "some other man."

The way of getting out I haven't discovered yet; when I do, I'll let you know. The people who keep the Fort are of the military persuasion; it is their *forte*. They mostly wear guns or swords, and do everything in a military way, which is not a civil way, though they have been very civil to me. The Fort is a substantial building; there is no apprehension of burglars. Sensible people would rather break out than break into it. As a hotel it is not equal to the Mansion House, though the terms are more reasonable. They don't charge any board. The only charge military people are given to, is to charge bayonets. The bill of fare is wholesome, but lacks variety. There is too much pork. The bill of fare, however, is varied. We have pork and crackers for breakfast, crackers and pork for dinner, and pork *with* crackers for tea. I think we shall have a change next week, as the Commandant has sent to New York for a barrel of pork. When you write to me, enclose a bunch of radishes in the letter.

Somebody may inquire why I came here. I'll tell you confidentially. The Government is making extensions to its mansion at Fort Hamilton; likewise at Fort Richmond, on Staten Island. They wanted a reliable person to look after the architects, to see that they didn't pocket the bricks. Fort Lafayette is half-way between, and so situated that you can see both forts at once, and is just the place to see what is going on. A meeting of the Cabinet was called at the White House. Secretary Stanton introduced the subject. The Cabinet saw the point at once, and laughed so loud that they woke up Secretary Welles. Secretary Seward rang his little bell, and sent for General Dix. "General," said William H., "how is Fort Lafayette?" "Our flag is there," said the General, with military promptness. "Is there a reliable man to be found in the Department of the East?" said Wm. H. "If there isn't," thundered the General, "I'll shoot him on the spot." "Who is he?" asked the Secretary. "His name is Dead Beat," said the General. "Send him to Fort Lafayette." So I came. I am still here. Yours, in retirement. Dead Beat.

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SAM SHARPLEY.

This well-known negro performer and minstrel manager was born in Philadelphia, June 13th, 1831, and entered the bur

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS BY TELEGRAPH—MONTREAL VS. QUEBEC CHESS CLUB.—These two prominent chess clubs of Canada East, played a chess match by telegraph during the week ending May 14. On the side of the Montreal belligerents were ranged the worthy Rector of the High School, Prof. Howe, Prof. Hicks, and Messrs. Thomas Workman, Jacob G. Ascher, Thos. Watkins, John Popham, John Sterling, J. Barrie, and R. W. Matchett. The standard bearers for Quebec were Messrs. E. Sanderson, F. H. Andrews, jr., E. H. Ahern, E. Dore, J. White and W. Moodie. The game played was what is known as "Philidor's Defence," and was commenced at 8 P. M. on Monday May 9, and continued through the night, when the Quebec players asked for a respite, which was granted, until the evening of the 10th, when the game was concluded in favor of Montreal, who had the attack, Quebec resigning at their 50th move.

Enigma No. 431.

From the Illustrated News of the World.

By the distinguished Brahmin,

HARRI RUNCHUNDER.

at Q sq, K R 8, K 5, Q R 5, Q B 7, Q R 3, Q Kt 4, Q B 3d.

at Q R 2d, at K R 3d, at Q R 3d.

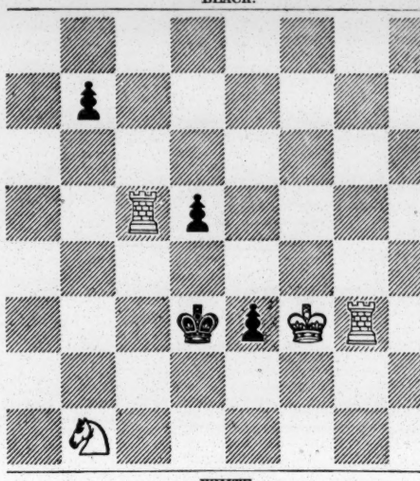
White to mate with R P, or B P, as Black plays, in seven moves.

Problem No. 431.

The Siamese Twins—Eng.

BY JAMES C. WARNER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 431.

A tremendous battle fought recently in the Philadelphia Chess Club between Mr. G. Reichhelm and H. P. Montgomery, Esq.

CENTRE COUNTER-GAMBIT TO KT'S OPENING.

Attack, Reichhelm.	Defence, Montgomery.	Attack, Reichhelm.	Defence, Montgomery.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	33..R × Q B	K R × R
2..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 4 (*a*)	34..Q × K R	Q × Q (*g*)
3..Kt × K P (*b*)	K B-Q 3 (*c*)	35..Kt P × Q	K-his B 3
4..P-Q 4	K Kt-B 3	36..K-his B 2	K × B P
5..K P × P	K Kt × P	37..K-his B 3	K-Kt 4
6..K B-B 4	Q B-K 3	38..K-Kt 3	P-K R 4
7..Castles	Castles	39..P-Q Kt 4	P-R 5 +
8..P-K B 4	P-K B 3	40..K-his B 3	K-his B 4
9..K Kt-B 3 (*d*)	Kt × B P	41..K-his 3	K-his 4
10..Q B × Kt	Q B × B	42..K-his B 3	K-Q 5 (*h*)
11..Q B × B	Q × Q B	43..K-Kt 4	K-Q B 5
12..K R-K sq	Q Kt-B 3	44..K × R P	K × Kt P
13..Q Kt-B 3	P-K B 4	45..K-Kt 4	P-Q B 4
14..P-Q Kt 3	B-K B 2	46..P-K R 4	P-Q B 5
15..Q Kt-his 5	Q-K B 3	47..P-K R 5	P-Q B 6
16..P-Q B 4	P-K Kt 4	48..P-K R 6	P-Q B 7
17..Q-her 2	P-K B 5	49..P-K R 7	P-Queens
18..P-Q 5 (*e*)	P-K Kt 5	50..P Queens	Q-Q B 5 +
19..K Kt-Q 4	P-Q R 3	51..K-his B 5	P-Q B 4
20..Q P × Kt	R P × Kt	52..Q-Kt 2 +	Q-Q Kt 6
21..K R-K 4	P × B 2d P	53..Q-Q 2 +	Q-Q B 6
22..K R × P	Q-her 3	54..Q-Q 6 (*i*)	K-Q Kt 6
23..Q-K B 2 (*f*)	Kt P × P	55..K-his 4	Q-B 7 +
24..K Kt-B 5	Q-K B 3	56..K-his 3	Q-B 8 +
25..Q R-K sq	Q B-K 3	57..K-his 2	P-Q B 5 (*k*)
26..R-K B sq	B 3d P × P	58..Q-Kt 6 +	K-Q R 7
27..K R × P +	K-his R sq	59..Q-R 6 +	K-Kt 8
28..R P × P	Q B × Kt	60..Q-Q R 5	Q-Kt 7 +
29..K R-B 4	Q R-his 8	61..K-home	P-Q B 6
30..P-K Kt 4	Q R × R +	62..Q-Q 5	P-Q B 7
31..Q × Q R	Q-K Kt 3	63..Q-her 3	Q-Kt 5 +
32..P-K R 3	K-his Kt 2	64..K-his 2	K-Kt 7, and

the Defence wins the arduous struggle.

(*a*) A fine, free, and most classical *debut*; we would it were more frequently practiced. We know Jœnisch pronounces it "reprehensible," but Jœnisch sometimes pronounces *dicta* upon very fine spun theories.

(*b*) The books all agree that 3..K P × P is slightly preferable to this move. The "Handbook" has two fine games at this *debut*, pp. 101, 102, and Jœnisch one, p. 126 (968, Walker's 1000 Games); "Handbuch," pp. 62, 65.

(*c*) We like this move much. 3..Q to her 2d is the accepted routine *best* move, as the game now stands, and the Defence has no inferiority.

(*d*) Advisedly surrendering the Pawn.

(*e*) The whole opening we commend as a model of compact straightforward directness of purpose—every piece and pawn vigilantly doing active duty. Study it, vacillators and dealers in half-organized attacks.

(*f*) Refining over much.

(*g*) Has now worked himself into a position of superiority. The mazes of the end-game that follow are intricate and instructive, as they are so skilfully threaded.

(*h*) He now gains his 5th rank by force, and the consequent command of the board.

(*i*) Struggles manfully for a draw, but

(*k*) Oh, that inexorable and resistless Pawn!

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

R. H. BOUGHTON, Leavenworth, Kan.—Many thanks for the end-game. We do not remember having seen it before, and shall be pleased to receive any thing in the "same line."

A. KELLY.—Have replied by mail.

L. H. MARSH, Boston.—Position received. Good games will be acceptable at any time.

H. CASTLE.—Positions received, and on file. Will report next week.

H. F. W.—Your position appears this week. We like your style, and shall be pleased to hear from you again.

E. L. H., New York.—We called and found it very pleasant for our favorite game, but for one thing—where *one* individual is all *gab*, no one can play a good game of Draughts, and besides its very annoying to lookers on of the game. If this is remedied it will be an excellent rendezvous for Draught players.

HOMES FOR DRAUGHT PLAYERS.—Draught players when visiting this city will find boards, men, and players, any evening, in the reading room of the Belmont Hotel, 139 Fulton street, a few doors east of Broadway. They will also find boards and men in the reading room of the Cortland Street Hotel, 26 Cortland street. Mr. Stebbins, mine host, is a good draught player, and is always ready for a battle across the board at his favorite game.

Solution of Critical Position.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

White.	Black.
1..32 to 27	28 to 32
2.. 7 to 10	32 to 23
3..10 to 14, and wins.	

Solution of Position No. 6, Vol. XII.

BY C. M. WILDER.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..31 to 26	7 to 14	3..26 to 10	13 to 17 (*a*)
2..22 25	29 22	4.. 5 9, and wins.	

(*a*)

3..		20	16
4..10	7, and wins.		

Solution of Position No. 7, Vol. XII.

BY EXPRESS.

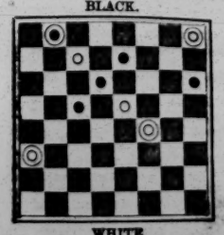
Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..22 to 18	11 to 4	6..13 to 17	11 to 15
2..18 11	10 7	7..17 22	19 16
3..11 2	1 10	8..12 19	15 24
4.. 5 9	4 8	9..22 26	24 27
5.. 9 13	8 11	10..26 30	27 23,

and wins.

Position No. 8.--Vol. XII.

BY H. F. W.

BLACK.



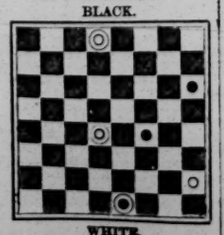
WHITE.

Black to move and win.

Critical Position.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

Game No. 8--Vol. XII.,

EIGHTH GAME of the Championship Match of Great Britain.

Martins, Black.		Wylie, White.		Martins, Black.		Wylie, White.	
1.. 9	to 14	22	to 18	19..10	to 14	11	to 8
2.. 5	9	25	22	20..14	17	19	16
3..11	16	24(*a*)	19	21..12	19	26	23
4.. 8	11	22	17	22..19	26	31	15
5.. 9	13	18	9	23..17	22	8	3
6..13	22	26	17	24.. 5	9	15	11
7.. 6	22	30	26	25.. 9	13	3	7
8..22	25	29	22	26..13	17	7	10
9..16	20	22	17	27..22	26	10	14
10..11	15	28	24	28..17	22	27	23
11.. 4	8	17	14	29..26	31	23	18
12..10	17	21	14	30..22	26	18	15
13.. 7(*b*)	10	14	7	31..26	30	15	10
14.. 3	10	32	28	32..30	26	10	7
15.. 1	5	19(*c*)	16	33..26	23	7	3
16..12	19	23	16	34..20	24	28	19
17.. 8	12	16	11	35..23	7	3	10
18..15	18	24	19		Drawn.		

(*a*) A new move. Sturges plays 29 to 25 for a draw.
(*b*) What would be the effect of 11 to 15 at this point?
(*c*) 23 to 18 is a stronger move.

OUR GAME BAG.

NO RELATION TO THE OTHER ANIMAL.—A country gentleman visited the city and immediately repaired to the house of a relative, a lady who had married a merchant. The parties were glad to see him, and invited him to make their house his home (as he had declared his intention of remaining in the city but a day or two). The husband, anxious to show his attention to the relative and friend of his wife, took the gentleman's horse to a livery stable in the neighborhood. Having stayed eleven days instead of two, the country gentleman went to the stable and ordered his horse to be got ready; the bill was, of course, presented. "Oh," said the gentleman, "Mr. ——, my relative will pay this." "Very good, sir, just get an order from Mr. ——; it will be the same as money." The horse was put up again, and down went the country gentleman, to the wharf where the merchant kept. "Well," said he, "I am going now." "Are you?" said the merchant. "Well, about the horse. The man says the bill must be paid for his keeping." "Well, I suppose that is all right, sir." "Yes—well, but you know that I am your wife's cousin." "Yes, sir," said the merchant, "I know you are, but your horse is not!"

PRETTY POETRY.—

At midnight the rivals met in the whale,
And fought by the light of the grasshopper's tail;
The elephant stood on his trunk to take breath,
And the tiger-cat cozily hugged him to death,
Then with a cabbage stalk boldly he wrote:
"Come, love, and tread on the tail of my coat;
See thy own crocodile whistling for thee."
He groaned—gave a gurgle—a cold corpse was he!

MORE.

Lively, lovely Isaline!
Blighted, plighted Isaline!
Mournful croak that cat serene;
Howl the goldfish, mew the frogs,
Weep the shrimps and purr the dogs;
All the pets with rapture say,
"Our lady will be wed to-day."
But canst thou love a fish so green,
Blighted, plighted Isaline?

SWALLOWING A DUTCHMAN.—A Yankee made a bet with a Dutchman that he could swallow him. The Dutchman lay down upon the table, and the Yankee taking his big toe in his mouth, nipped it severely. "Oh, you are biting me," roared the Dutchman. "Why, you old fool," replied the Yankee, "did you think I was going to swallow you whole?"

GOING TO TRAVEL.—In a recent ride into Dixie, a New York reporter discovered the following upon a gate post:—"Fur sail a 2 story Kows penn. The Oner Xpex to Go 2 Kalleforney."

GIVE A FELLER A FAIR SHOW.—Some man asks the following interesting questions in natural history. As far as we are concerned, we have no objection to allowing the gentleman all the latitude he asks for in those matters, for such beauties no person can see too much of. Hear him talk:—

When a lady gets stalled in a gutter,
That runs in a populous street,
(Like a fly that is stranded in butter,)
And has to uncover her feet;
As gently the calico lifts she,
And gives it her graceful sweep,
Is a "feller" to blame when he chances
To give at her ankles a peep?
Just to see if they're thick or they're thin,
Mr. Editor, is it a sin?

Or when a plump bosom is covered
With a delicate Honiton lace,
Whose whiteness, like full-blooming lilies,
Contrasts with the rouge on her face,
Like the artificial flowers in flour,
(If I may be allowed so to speak,)
Should a "feller" be checked if he's curious
Within the lace meshes to peep?
Just to judge of the contents within—
Mr. Editor, is it a sin?

POKER ON THE BRAIN.—An Army correspondent relates an incident of camp life, showing the precocity of a youth of sixteen, the son of a General, on a visit to his father in the field. On one occasion, when the General's purse was getting low, he remarked that he would be obliged to draw on his banker for some money. "How much do you want, father?" said the boy. "I think I shall send for a couple of hundred," replied the General. "Why, father," said the son very quietly, "I can let you have that amount." "You can let me have it!" exclaimed the General, in surprise.; "where do you get so much money?" "I won it playing draw poker with your staff, sir!" replied the hopeful youth. It is needless to say that the 9:40 train next morning bore the "gay young gambolier" towards his home.

CATCHING EELS.—A dreadful story was told me some time ago of a miserable drunkard who was drowned; his body was not found for several days, and when at last it was fished up, his clothes were filled with eels. He was carried home to his wife, and when they asked her what they should do with him, she said: "set him again."

THOSE WHO RUN MAY READ.—Some years ago an effort was made to collect all the chimney sweepers in the city of Dublin, for the purpose of education. Among others, came a little fellow, who was asked if he knew his letters. "O, yes," was the reply. "Do you spell?" "O, yes." "Do you read?" "O, yes." "And what book did you learn from?" "O, I never had a book in my life, sir." "And who was your schoolmaster?" "O, I never was at school." Here was a singular case; a boy who could read and spell without a book or master. But what was the fact? Why, another little sweep, a little older than himself, had taught him to read by showing him the letters over the shop doors which they passed as they went through the city. His teacher, then, was a little sweep like himself, and his book the sign-boards on the houses. What cannot be done by trying?

ABOUT PRETTY FEET.—

There's magic in a lady's foot,
And all the ladies know it—
And she who has a pretty one,
Is pretty sure to show it.

At times, you too are martyred by
The nicest little ankle;
That shoots an arrow through the eye,
Within your heart to rankle.

And when it trips along the street,
Through wind, and mud, and vapor,
By sheerest accident you see
How beautiful they taper.

And as it steps upon the walk,
Amid the crowd to mingle,
Two roguish eyes look up and say—
I wonder if he's single?"

FOR SUSPICIOUS WIVES.—A lady who had read of the extensive manufacture of odometers to tell how far a carriage had been run, said she wished some Connecticut genius would invent an instrument to tell how far husbands had been in the evening when they just step down to the post office!

BIG WHEEL VS. LITTLE WHEEL.—One day a farmer, driving in his wagon, stopped and took in a poor little boy. The boy seemed much pleased, but soon became filled with wonder. He would look for a little while at the little front wheel, and then at the big hind wheel. The farmer couldn't think why he kept looking and laughing, till at length, driving his horse quite fast, the boy burst out in a fit of laughter, and spoke to the little wheel:—"Go it, little wheel, big wheel can't catch you."

A DUTCH VERSION OF RICHARD III.—We have found somewhere an entirely new reading of Shakespeare, and herewith present a part of the "crooked back tyrant's" first soliloquy, slightly Teutonized, for the especial consideration of oratorical Strobel:

"Now is de vinter mit mine dishcontent,
Made funny by mine leetle son Shake,
Vot I ish yumpin up and down on
My knee mit—dunder and blitzen!
Caterine, here! take de shild kwick!
I dinks I go and shange de leg
Von mine breeches."

A CLINCHER.—A little boy disputing with his sister on some subject, we do not now remember what, exclaimed: "It's true, for ma said so; and if ma says it's so, it's so *if it ain't so.*"

INTERESTING TO HEADS OF FAMILIES.—A prominent lady of Memphis left her husband twenty-seven months ago, and the other day gave birth to *three* boys. Colonel Pat Richardson says: "This is right; three times *nine* makes just twenty-seven."

TESTING A HORSE.—A man purchased a very fine horse. Returning from a ride a few days afterwards, he said he had discovered a quality in his animal which added a few dollars to his value—he shied at a lawyer.

A HIT AT THE LUXURIES (?) OF SLEIGH RIDING.—A cynical fellow who can't muster the cash for a sleigh ride, publishes the following recipe for its sensations:—"Sit in the hall in your night-clothes, with both doors open, so that you can get a good draft, your feet in a pail of ice water; drop the front door key down your back; hold an icicle in one hand, and ring the tea bell with the other." He says "you can't tell the difference with your eyes shut, and it is a great deal cheaper."

THE TEACHER TAUGHT.—At one of the Mission Sunday Schools the other day, the superintendent made a little speech deploring the small number of pupils. He appealed to the scholars.

"What can I do," said he, "to get the boys and girls here?"

"I know," said one of the urchins.

"What is it?"

"Give 'em all five cents a piece!"

A LAUDABLE OBJECT.—At a Sunday School meeting in Ohio, the subject of the slim attendance of pupils at the school being under consideration, a promising lawyer offered the following resolution:—"*Resolved*, That a committee of young ladies and gentlemen be appointed to *raise* children for the Sabbath School."

RATHER PERSONAL.—Charles Lamb said once to a brother whist-player, who had a hand more clever than clean, and who had enough in him to afford the joke: "Mr. Barnash, if dirt was trumps, what a hand you would hold!"

CUPIDITY OF A BONE GRINDER.—The proprietor of a bone mill advertises that "persons sending their own bones to be ground, will be attended to with punctuality and dispatch."

A HAZARDOUS UNDERTAKING.—A batchelor by the name of Somerset said that he must always remain a poor miserable batchelor, for how could he prevail upon any sensible young lady with the slightest notion of delicacy, to turn a somerset!

THE RING.

INDIAN CLUBS! INDIAN CLUBS!!--No better gymnastic appliances exist for simplicity of use, or tending more to a general development and strengthening of the physical system, than the Indian Club, and it is fast coming into public favor as a means of exercise. Mr. S. D. KEHOE, the principal manufacturer of Indian Clubs in this country, is now in receipt of orders from all sections, and he is filling them up as rapidly as possible. Mr. Kehoe made the Clubs used by JOHN C. HEENAN and JOE COBURN, the Pugilistic Champions, in their training. Also for DUDLEY KAVANAGH, the Billiard Champion, and JAMES HAMILL, the Aquatic Champion.

Clubs, 4 to 8 lbs.....$4 per pair
" 8 to 12 " ..... 5 " "
Dumb Bells, from.....$3 to 4 " "

Orders addressed to S. D. KEHOE, CLIPPER Office, New York, or Post Office, New York, will receive immediate attention. P. S.—All orders outside of New York city must be accompanied with the money. 7-tf

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"ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT entered into on the 23d of May, 1864, between Dan Noble and Hugh Riley. The former names John Drumgoole, to weigh 125 lbs.; Riley names Barney Aaron, to weigh 120 lbs. The fight to be for $500 a side, to come off on the 24th of June, 1864, and the weighing to take place at Barney Aaron's, 202 Centre street, on the 23d of June, between the hours of 2 and 3 P. M., $100 a side forfeit. The second deposit of $100 a side to take place at Mr. George Lees, 122 Greene street, on Saturday, the 28th of May, between 8 and 9 P. M. The third deposit of $100 a side to take place at Mark Maguire's, 8th Avenue, between 143d and 144th streets, on Saturday, June 5, between 3 and 4 P. M. The fourth deposit of $100 a side to take place at Barney Aaron's, 202 Centre street, on Saturday, June 12, between 8 and 9 P. M. The fifth and last deposit of $100 a side to take place at Wm. Varley's, 20 Bowery, on Saturday, June 19, between 8 and 9 P. M. Riley to name the State and place of fighting at the last deposit. In case of interference by the police, the stakeholder, Mr. Varley, to name the next time and place of meeting. This money not to be given up until fairly won or lost by a fight, according to the New Rules of the London Prize Ring. Either party failing to put up the above deposits according to the hours named, forfeits the money down. Signed, DAN NOBLE.
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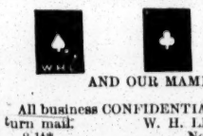

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City Summary.

MONDAY, May 30, 1864.

THE season draws gently to a close. A few weeks more, and some of our principal establishments will terminate their fall, winter, and spring campaign, and the players and managers will retire to the sea shore, to the country, to the mountains, to recuperate their wasted energies, and count up the earnings of the past whilst blissfully contemplating the possible recurrence of another good yield in the season to come. Before we see the *finale*, however, we may expect a few more "complimentaries"—testimonials to those who do not need them, but whose prosperity calls up a score of friends who *insist* on the worthy this, or the indefatigable that, allowing them to put up his name for a complimentary as a token of their appreciation of his "abilities as an actor" and of his "deportment as a man." How unequally the world is divided! When there's anything good going around, have you ever noticed who are the recipients of our hospitality and kindness? Take these complimentaries, for instance. Who comes in for the lion's share of these friendly tokens of our goodly feeling and currency? Some well-to-do manager, some great tragedian, some leading man or woman, a great musical director, perhaps, or one who is already on the high road to fortune; but seldom one of the little people—never a supe. This reminds us of a story. Once, when one of our theatres was in the height of its popularity, and a celebrated comedian was doing the star business there, one of the supers, in the discharge of his duties, met with an accident which prevented him from attending to business. The comedian, hearing of the occurrence, advised the unfortunate man to get up a subscription. A few days after, when the man had enrolled the names of his fellow supers, scene shifters, etc., on the paper, the comedian asked to see the list, and while exhibiting it to him, our luckless supernumerary rubbed his hands with glee, and felt exceedingly happy in his boots at the prospect of the heavy contribution which he felt sure the big actor intended to give him. What was his astonishment, however, to see the list returned without the first red cent from the man of means. "Why, ain't *you* going to give something?" quoth the super. "*Give* something!" responded the comedian; "why you ungrateful cur, didn't I give you the *hint!*" And so it is, those on the lower rounds get plenty of hints, but no encouraging "dollar or two" to enable them to profit by the hints, while the upper rounders, whose coffers are already well filled, have still further greatness thrust upon them by those who hope some day to have the favor returned. It's the old story—"you tickle me and I'll tickle you." They say they have a society in Paris whose services can be bought at so much per head to make or mar the fortunes of any star, author, or *debutante*. They are *claquers*, whose business it is to applaud or hiss at a given signal from their leaders. We almost begin to fancy we have a theatrical society on a somewhat different plan in this city. This society "do" the "complimentary testimonial" committee business—that is, they permit their names to be used in getting up benefits. They are supposed to address a letter to the beneficiant so and so, asking his acceptance of a "complimentary" which they propose giving him as a token of the estimation in which he is held by the public, etc. This card is supposed to be signed by the President of the United States, the Cabinet, Army and Navy, Mayors, Governors, Aldermen, Councilmen, pickpockets, gamblers, stock jobbers, etc. The party addressed is supposed to be "surprised at the honor done him," and "were he to consult his own inclinations, etc., he would decline the proffered compliment, but with such a call, and from *such* a committee, he can but comply, and allow them to do with him as they will;" and so the farce goes on to the end. But the *poor* player, or the poor super, finds no such friends to give *him* a lift. And yet our supernumerical friends are very useful members of a theatrical establishment. Without them, where would be the stage army? where the mob that thunders at the "gates of vanquished Quito?" where the people that drink imaginary flagons of wine? where the peasants, gentlemen of the Court, processions, and all the auxiliaries that help to make up a big thing? Ah! friends, we little appreciate the merits of the supers. This calls to mind *another* story:—

A shabby fellow chanc'd one day to meet
A great tragedian in the street;
(Forrest, of whom our nation justly brags)
The fellow hugg'd him with a kind embrace.
"Good sir, I do not recollect your face,"
Quoth Ned. "No?" replied the man of rags:
"The boards of Niblo's you and I have trod
Full many a time together, I am sure."
"When?" cried the eminent; "by the rood
I never saw that face of yours before.
What characters, now say,
Did you and I together play?"
"Lord!" said the fellow, "think not that I mock,
"When you played *Hamlet*, sir, I played the cock."

He was a supe of noble mein, who many better days had seen. Let us not overlook the merits of the poor super. Let him be the recipient of our bounty and complimentaries as well as the gentlemen who play Hamlet and such lines of business. Let our "testimonial committee" send the poor super a card—and let all the big theatres send their best people to play for him, and to carry out the objects of the committee, and as in duty bound, the super will ever pray, etc..... The Quakers gave us a stormy shaking up last week, for while they remained with us the weather continued rainy, blowy, cold, and otherwise obdurate and unsettled. Our Orthodox and Hicksite friends are regular Jonahs; there must be something wrong about 'em; sure as they commence a season in New York, just so sure do rain and tempests predominate. We think our theatrical managers would be the gainers by it if they could, by the payment of a valuable consideration, induce the queer drabs to prefer their tents and have their annual spree in some other city—say up at Lebanon, or out in Salt Lake, where the women cease from troubling, and the men all take their rest. It's the strangest thing in the world, this Quaker business. Why, do you know they always come prepared for squalls? We saw a squad of them—men and women—the other day, and all were provided with umbrellas, and oil skin covers for their odd looking bonnets and hats. They made a gallus looking party. As a general thing they don't patronise the theatres and music halls *much*—we believe it's against the rules of the church—but when they *do* go to such places, just for a flyer, there is no mistake about their enjoying the show. They are remarkably fond of minstrel entertainments, and drop in at our "Nigger Shows" whenever they can do so on the sly. Now, you'd think they would take offence at the "Shaking Quaker" burlesque, but let us tell you in all seriousness that it is one of their favorite acts. We have seen a *bona fide* Hicksite chap become so very enthusiastic over this clever little performance, that the performers who were acting in it had to stop the show until the Quaker calmed down a little. They are not, naturally, a funny people, nor do they often perpetrate comical poetry, but the following specimen—which we heard one brother make off-hand during the late gathering here—will show that they have the stuff in 'em. Here follow the lines, as uttered by the funny Quaker:

Rise up, Mose-y, and give your love a poes-y.
For she is the putuous flower that in the garding grows.

The style, it will be seen, is somewhat different from Longfellow, Bryant, Tennyson, and that female-woman Dickinson, but nevertheless there is a ting to it that gives it an air of originality which the writings of those we have named seldom possess. As the Quakers and the weather have dried up, with the unwilling permission of our readers we will do the same, and serve up the various courses of our weekly bill of fare.

THE BROADWAY THEATRE was better attended last week, which is very encouraging when we look at the indement state of the weather; and each night's business showed an improvement on that which preceded it: small, it is true, but nevertheless showing a gradual but steady increase in patronage. Mr. Chanfrau was well received in his duality of Lord Dundreary and Brother Sam, which he performs with a great deal of drollery. Miss Marie Bonface also made a favorable impression, and may be set down as a valuable acquisition. Miss Fanny Browne was unable to appear in consequence of illness, and we are not sure that she will be in proper form to show this week. Mr. Chanfrau will continue his eccentric representations until further notice. Let those who used to enjoy themselves so much at this theatre while under Wallack's management visit the house under the Wood regime, and assist in bringing the beautiful little dramatic temple into power again.

JAMES STARK, from the California State, arrived here on the 27th inst. from San Francisco. Stark, like a good many others out there, went stark mad over the Washoe discoveries; but there was method in *his* madness, for he made a pile of money by his operations, and had the good sense to lay by a portion of it for a "rainy season." We do not know whether the California tragedian intends to show us what he can do on the mimic boards, but our opinion is, that he will appear "for a short time only."

WHILE GEN. GRANT is pursuing the even tenor of his way and the rebels down in Eastern Virginia, while our "way-ward sisters"—who have recently become very backward sisters—are marching "on to Richmond," while Gen. Butler is getting his keys fixed, and Jeff. Davis is looking out for a summer retreat, how pleasant it is to see Vestvali and "Bel Demonio" at Niblo's Garden, how inspiring to witness the forms and faces and evolutions of the coryphees, and with what happiness do we see around us the smiling faces of the thousands who throng this great dramatic establishment. The new play holds its own bravely, despite the rain and the Quakers, and everybody seems better pleased than they were during the opening week, when men and things worked as if they wanted greasing, and when the lapse of time between the acts made us forget whether it was to-night or the night before. All these drawbacks are remedied now. The performers get on smoothly, scenery and machinery work with the ease of a clerk in Chase's treasury department, the waits are of but brief duration, and everything acts together for the good of the manager. Vestvali, who for a few nights performed feats on ground and lofty tumbling in her *role* of Angelo, jumps no more—a dummy does the business for her, much to our disgust, for the public like to see narrow escapes and fearful acrobatic displays, where real flesh and blood "does it," the dummy "ain't of no account" in the terrific leap business. Suppose Blondin had got a dummy to walk across Niagara for him—what then? Why Blondin would be on a strike with the "early closing" clerks to-day, instead of making the tour of Europe and living on his rope and other means. And there's Sam Patch, too; suppose he'd got a bogus chap to jump the falls for him; where would he be to-day? Why, he'd very likely be living, and thereby lost the fame he acquired by being drowned in the Genesee Falls at Rochester. No, no, friends; if a thing's worth doing it's worth doing right, and if there's a great risk to be run, let live people run it, and amuse the people according to their tastes. "Bel Demonio" will run the risk all this week at Niblo's, and the people will run the risk of getting in to see it if they break a leg in the attempt.

GUESS BLANCHARD and his dog Carlo didn't like San Francisco pretty well, for after a week's trial at the Opera House, Blanchard and his bark were on the sea again, homeward bound, reaching here on the 27th May, in as good a state of preservation as things would allow. The pantomimist is out by the operation one dog, which died on the way to the "Golden Shores."

AMID THE PITILESS Quaker storm, with the wild waves beating against the ever-memorable well-washed beach at Rockaway, Frank Moran made his appearance with Wood's Minstrels last week, and got off some very good things. He's a hunky boy, is Frank, but had well-nigh buried himself alive in Philadelphia, and we had almost forgotten that there ever was such a performer. "Go see him this week, and see and hear the other comedians at this house.

"FREEDOM *shrieked* when Kosciusko fell," history tells us, and we believe it; but won't the boys yell with a different feeling when Jefferson Davis gets "hoist by his own petard?" What! Did you ever see Heller do feats of magic? He's as tricky as General Lee, and as pushing as General Grant, and his little temple of magic—"Salle Diabolique" is the proper name, but that's too hard to say—is becoming quite a gay resort. This week Heller announces a fresh budget of marvels, and a programme of music "richer by far than pearls in the depths of the sea."

THE FLORENCES are doing a little in the burlesque line at Winter Garden.

MR. MORGAN, who is running a side show in Chatham street, has got hold of a dwarf man, of good proportions in his upper works, but rather brief in his running gear. Perhaps he is not quite as tall as Thomas Thumb. His age is 40 years. He came from Fredericksburg, Va., and has seen most of the battles fought down that way. Morgan will travel him this season in connection with other curiosities.

WHEN GENERAL GRANT proposed to fight it out on that line if it took all summer, many folks thought he was merely reciting a piece, but it begins to look as if he meant it. Just so it looks at Bryants'; if business keeps on as it is now, the boys will have to play it out on that line all summer, without the usual respite for recreation and recuperation, for their hall is a jam nearly all the time. It's better to be a minstrel manager now than a brigadier-general.

CLOGS, for clog dancers, as well as working clogs, can be procured at the establishment of Wm. Roberts, No. 96 Ninth Avenue, New York. Full particulars, with prices, etc., may be learned by looking over Mr. Roberts' card in our advertising department.

D. G. WALDRON, business agent for the Alleghanians, Vocalists and Swiss Bell Ringers, arrived in the city on the 24th, after pioneering his company through a most prosperous campaign in the western country.

A NOVELTY is announced for production at Wallack's this evening, the novelty consisting in what the manager terms "an *entirely* original drama." This will indeed be a rarer show, for most of our novelties and original plays are adaptations and importations, sometimes third and fourth hand at that. But now we are advised beforehand that the forthcoming play is entirely original, and that it will be produced with the usual care that marks the production of fresh pieces at this house.

E. A. LOCKE, comedian, is in town, having been engaged for Mrs. Holman's establishment, where he is to make his first appearance this evening, as Pedro, in "Cinderella."

A DESPERATELY bad piece was produced on the 23d inst., at the Olympic, before not only a poor audience, but one abandoned to grief and despair. The name of the new play is "Paul's Return," and we heartily wished before the second act was over that Paul had remained where he was. The nature of the piece is perfectly unique, especially disagreeable, and painfully difficult to describe. Mr. Watts Phillips is the author of the play, which drags very heavily through three acts. The first act opens in the drawing room of Richard Goldsworthy (Mr. Geo. Jamieson), a wealthy merchant. Several years before the opening of the play, Mr. Goldsworthy was entrusted with a large sum of money by Spencer Wilton to hold in trust for his (Wilton's) daughter, and was also appointed her guardian. The father goes abroad, and shortly after is reported dead. Mr. Goldsworthy then appropriates Miss Wilton's money for his own use, and adopts Miss Wilton, making her one of his own family. We now arrive at the opening of the piece, when Paul (the nephew) returns, after an absence of six years in the gold regions of California. He had previously written informing them of the great wealth he had acquired, and of course a warm reception awaits him. Although Paul had amassed a large fortune, yet he had been robbed of it all by a bosom friend, one Brassington, who decamped from California with all of Paul's hard earnings. Paul finally arrives, clad in a miner's suit, and is heartily welcomed back by all his relations, consisting of four males and five females. After the usual salutations are over, they enquire how much he is worth, when he quietly informs them that he has been swindled, and owns nothing but the clothes he stands in and a few paltry greenbacks. Upon this announcement the entire household, with the exception of Richard Goldsworthy, Miss Blanche Wilton (Mrs. Sedley Brown), and Beatrice Goldsworthy (Miss Irving), "shake him," and retire in disgust. Mr. Goldsworthy remains and assures him that he is welcome home, and offers him the use of his purse to trace the scoundrel that robbed him. Paul feeling keenly the reception he has met with, informs his Uncle that as soon as he has delivered a message and certain papers entrusted to him he will take his departure. Paul then informs his Uncle that while in California he found Spencer Wilton in a dying condition, and he handed him a package of papers, and informed him of the fortune Goldsworthy held for Miss Wilton. This announcement electrifies the proud merchant, who has become so involved that he finds it an impossibility to refund the money, and implores him not to divulge the secret at present, but to give him a few days that he may obtain the money. Paul now presses his suit for the hand of Beatrice, with whom he was deeply in love before he left home. Mr. Goldsworthy treats the idea with coldness, and refuses his consent. He informs Paul that he has become involved in money matters with one Honeydew, and through whose agency he (Goldsworthy) has become a member of Parliament, brought about by bribery. He is in Honeydew's power, for Honeydew can as easily unseat him as he had placed him in position. For this act Goldsworthy has promised him his daughter. Goldsworthy requires a further loan from Honeydew to replace Blanche's fortune, and Honeydew consents, provided he obtains the immediate possession of Beatrice. A severe struggle between inclination and necessity takes place in the mind of the humiliated father, but preferring ruin to his own name rather than to his child's happiness, he refuses, and defies Honeydew. Beatrice, who is deeply in love with Paul, happens to be in the garden and overhears this conversation, and like Margaret Elmore, in "Love's Sacrifice," comes forth and imolates herself to rescue her father by consenting to wed Honeydew in the morning. This was the second act. In the third act the parties all meet in the drawing room, and Honeydew appears to demand the hand of Beatrice. Paul now re-appears on the scene, and turns to implore Honeydew to withdraw his claims to the hand of Beatrice, when, to the astonishment of all, he recognises Brassington in Honeydew, and immediately seizes him by the throat and commences to strangle him. Honeydew in the coolest manner possible admits himself to be Brassington, and upon the promise of secrecy agrees to give up the hand of Beatrice as well as Paul's fortune, which is ample to re-place the fortune of Blanche Wilton. Everything is made what we call "comfortable." Paul and Beatrice are married, also Blanche and a young Lieutenant (Mr. Clarke). Honeydew is allowed to go, upon proper restitution, and the curtain happily descends. Mr. Jamieson, as Mr. Richard Goldsworthy, was a little too methodistical; he put us in mind of a camp meeting orator. Mr. Owens, as Geoffrey Goldsworthy, was out of his element. This gentleman takes very little pains to identify himself with the character assumed; he is Mr. Owens in everything he plays. Mr. Stoddart had decidedly the best part in the piece, and but for his boisterousness in the second act, it would have been well performed. The performers struggled hard to carry the piece through, but it was useless; and it was at times quite touching to behold them. It is but justice to say that Mrs. Wood, in assuming the management of this theatre, has redeemed it from its former "low estate" to the position of a first-class theatre, and has endeavored to give her patrons as much as possible of that inestimable luxury known as novelty. Many of our managers refuse to produce dramas written by our own authors, because (as the managers assert) they are not worthy of the expense which would be incurred in placing them properly upon the stage. But we would ask, how can managers expect original dramas to be written by men of letters, when men of letters know very well that their labor will bring them no fair equivalent. Can writers of ability in this country be expected to write for nothing? Show to our authors that, by entering the dramatist's field of labor, they will receive an adequate return for their efforts, and our word for it, there will be no lack of an American Standard Drama. As it now is, when a new play is produced, it is generally found to have been written by some third or fourth rate author, or by some Dipsey Daisy authoress, who rushes to the stage with the dramatic version of a story which he or she has been unable to get before the public in the newspapers of the day. "Paul's Return" is another one of those foreign efforts which may please abroad, but not here.

SIGNOR BUONO CONE, the Italian Salamander, gave his first public exhibition of his fire-proof qualities at Jones' Wood on the 25th ult., but owing to the threatening state of the atmosphere and the fact that the ground on which the exhibition was given is notorious for the rowdy characters who infest it whenever they get the opportunity, the attendance was hardly sufficient, if that, to pay expenses. Many, too, believed the whole thing to be a humbug; it is not, however, for Buono does all he says he will: he goeth into the fire and cometh out thereof without singing even a hair of his head, which, perhaps, anybody else could do equally as well if they were allowed to don the Signor's armor and helmet. On the day of the private show, the iron cage was only partially covered with brushwood, and when the torch was applied it blazed up and burned itself out in less than no time, but on this occasion the fuel was piled on thick, with barrel staves, small sized planks, and all the inflammable material lying loose about the Woods, contributed by parties evidently anxious to roast the distinguished foreigner alive. After waiting until all the folks who were likely to come that day were present, Christophoro emerged from a house near by, encased in a suit of "yaller covered" armor, which we thought fit him too much; his head, all but the organs of sound, smell, taste, and vision, covered with red flannel, over which he placed a helmet of the same color as the coat, almost big enough to cover body and all, with two "looker-outs" made of mica; having everything fixed, the wood was set on fire, and when the blaze caused the dry branches to crackle and hiss, driving the spectators back foot by foot until they were at least twenty feet from the fiery furnace, in walked his nibs Buono, with slow and measured step, like a thing of life, which he was, passing through the flames, in and out of the four arches, ever and anon showing himself at the four corners, bowing to the spectators, and returning from whence he came, and there in the centre of the wood pile, standing like a statue until the devouring element had done its work, when forth came our hero, none the worse for wear except having his raglan and things turned into another color and a slight perspiration on his brow when he took off his helmet. The affair, as far as the performance was concerned, was a success, as the people testified to by their shouts of applause and clapping of hands, and if a more suitable place could be procured, we think he might repeat the same with better pecuniary results.

RAIN OR SHINE, wet or dry, people will rush to the American Theatre; the weather seems to make no difference whatever, as we again found out last Thursday, which was perhaps the roughest night of Quaker week, when, thinking to get a comfortable seat we "arriv" quite early in the evening, but it was no use, "thirteen hundred thousand," to use a figure of speech, had got in ahead of us, and packed 444 like a bee-hive. All this, however, is not so surprising after all when we consider the monster bill of attractions offered night in and night out. Run your eye over the different theatres, etc., on Broadway—you have negro minstrelsy, comedy, burlesque, tragedy, witchcraft, and the ballet. At 444, all these are combined: Charley White, James Wambold, and others do up the nigger; Maffit and his "confreres" the comedy; Prof. Young and lady perform feats of legerdemain, illusion, and the Aerial Suspension as illustrated by Prof. Anderson, Heller, and others; Lizzie Schultze, Millie Flora, Mary Blake, with about two dozen assistants to do the ballet, which is not excelled at our best theatres; Miss Emma Ross, a pleasing colleen, gives Irish jigs and lilts; Tony Pastor, the evergreen, irrepressible, popular Tony in his comic songs comes in for a quadruple *encore* nearly every night, and we might go on *ad infinitum*, as the lawyers say, but enough has been said to show that whatever else may be produced on Broadway, Manager Butler will be after 'em all with a sharp stick, and Mons. La Thorne in *le menage* will see to it that his army of occupation are kept moving all the time.

MR. W. B. HARRISON, the extemporaneous singer, concluded his engagement at Barnum's Museum on the 28th inst.

THE AMERICAN COMEDIAN, Mr. E. Lamb, closed his engagement at Niblo's on the 28th ult. He commences at the Olympic with the opening of the season in September next.

Miss LOTTA, the California comedienne, gives her first performance in this city at Niblo's Saloon on the 1st of June. A company has been engaged to support Miss Lotta, with Harry Jordan as Stage Manager.

THE HOLMAN CHILDREN have been performing during the past week at Hope Chapel, to very appreciative audiences. The Holman's have fitted Hope Chapel up with a good stage and capital scenery, and it is well adapted to their performances. Sallie Holman occupies a prominent position in the company. She is a very clever vocalist, and sings with much force and feeling. "Cinderella" was the principal attraction last week, and so favorably was it received that it will be continued on the bills this week.

Miss KATE VANCE, the dashing equestrienne, terminated a very successful engagement last week at the New Bowery Theatre. For her benefit she performed a new drama entitled "The Fawn's Leap, or The Bride of the Delawares," written expressly for her by Mr. John F. Poole. N. B. Clarke's testimonial on Tuesday evening proved a bumper. Barney Williams volunteered, and the house was filled in every part. The attraction this week consists of Edwin Blanchard and his dogs, opening there this evening in "The Forest of Bondy."

JOHN PERRY, who at one time kept a theatrical book agency on Broadway, is inquired for by his son, who has just returned to New York from California. Those who know anything about him will confer a favor by addressing a line in our care. See card in our advertising columns.

LITTLE CLARA FISHER was to have appeared in concert in this city on the 26th, but the storm made a postponement necessary.

MR. ELTON GLOVER, who has been in this country but a short time, and has been traveling with M. C. Campbell's Minstrels as baritone, sailed for England on the 28th.

MRS. D. P. BOWERS, the popular actress, sailed for Europe last week. She intends returning in time to commence an engagement in Boston on the 12th of September.

MME. MEDORI has gone to Europe. Her wedding (*on dit*) with a well known lawyer of this city, is to take place at Brussels next month.

DE WALDEN'S admirable piece entitled "Upper Ten and Lower Twenty," which was performed at Burton's Chamber Street theatre some years ago with great success, was brought out last week at Fox's Old Bowery Theatre, and played throughout the week to excellent business. Ever attentive to the wishes of his patrons, Manager Fox this week serves up the new English drama of "St. James and St. Giles," the plot of which is intensely interesting from first to last. On Friday evening, Mr. William Tryon, the treasurer, takes a benefit, when a most attractive performance will be given. Speaking of benefits, we have recently had the pleasure of recording several of these tokens of appreciation given to dramatic authors, Chas Gayler having been tendered one some time ago at Niblo's, and John F. Poole at the New Bowery, and we do think that were the matter suggested to the enterprising manager, the dramatist whose pieces have had such a good run the past season at this house might become the recipient of similar honors.

ANYTHING NOVEL, if good, is bound to attract attention in New York at any time, for it is proverbial that New Yorkers like new sensations. Acknowledging this to be the case, we think it needs no prophet to foretell that Louis and Henri Vito, of whom we have had occasion to write before, will have full audiences when they give their new entertainment called "Diaboliana," in which they promise to exhibit new tricks with new apparatus. For further particulars see advertisement in another column.

MANAGER BUTLER brings his season at "444" to a close on the 4th of July, and opens at the Boston Museum with his full company on July 7th.

Dramatic.

MR. GEORGE RYER was "up" for a benefit at the Academy, Albany, on the 27th ult., on which occasion Mr. Mark Smith volunteered as Peter Teazle, in the "School for Scandal."

EDWIN ADAMS terminated his engagement at Duffield and Flynn's Nashville Theatre May 21st. On the 20th he was the recipient of a complimentary benefit which proved a most brilliant affair. He played Charles de Moor in "The Robbers." On the 23d he opened at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio, and continued throughout the week. He continues the "star" attraction the present week, and produces the "Dead Heart" and "The Hertic."

MRS. GLADSTANE commenced an engagement at the Academy of Music, Albany, on the 23d ult., opening as Julia in the "Hunchback." She was welcomed by a large audience.

THE ATHENÆUM, Detroit, under the management of G. A. Hough, is on a high tide of success. On Monday night last, "Medea" was produced, Mr. Lingham sustaining the part of Jason, Mrs. Page, Medea. "Mr. Lingham improves none at all (says a correspondent); he is not as good an actor as he was three years ago." Study more, Mr. L.

JANE ENGLISH'S RAVELS concluded their engagement at Young Men's Hall, Detroit, on Monday evening last. They meet with good success everywhere. Tip Cory is their *avant courier*. They are in Canada West this week.

MR. AND MRS. C. HENRI, notwithstanding reports to the contrary, are still performing at the New Memphis Theatre, and occupy their old positions with Messrs. McDonald and Rayfield, the former as pantomimist; the latter as leading lady. These gentlemen, as will be seen in a card elsewhere, accord to them the high character of being "the best and most versatile people" they have ever had the pleasure of having under their management. A stronger or clearer refutation of the malicious assaults of some penny-a-liner against their character, Mr. and Mrs. Henri could not wish, and they can now well afford to pass over such feeble attempts to injure them with the contempt that such conduct deserves.

WILLIE WARE, who has just completed his new drama of "The Adventurer," is now at work upon a Yankee drama in two acts, for Yankee Miller.

THE ROYAL LYCEUM, Toronto, C. W., is to let or for sale. The building and scenery is reported to be in good order. A good dramatic troupe or any other good show, might, we think, make money there during the summer months. Let some one of our enterprising managers make a note, in regard to this, of James French's advertisement in another column.

THE ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY that played "Notre Dame" in Philadelphia lately, appeared at the Brooklyn Academy on the 23d and 24th in "Fra Diavolo," which opera they performed in the most creditable manner, to the fullest and most fashionable houses we ever saw at an opera in Brooklyn. The cast was excellent, the choruses good, the scenic effects and stage appointments well presented, and the orchestra a first class one. Repeated outbursts of applause and frequent *encores* gave evidence of the gratification the performances afforded to all present.

THE "COLLEEN BAWN" was presented at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, on the 23d May, for the first time under Mrs. Conway's direction, a very good attendance greeting the performance. Mrs. Conway's Eily O'Connor, Mrs. Tyrrel's Shelah, and Lewis' Danny Mann were the features of the entertainment. It was played all the week to fair houses.....On Friday night, the 27th, the 14th Regiment received quite an ovation at the Park Theatre, at which place they were invited to attend by Mrs. Conway. The house was crowded to excess. Mrs. Conway made a neat little speech on the occasion, and everything passed off in the most satisfactory manner.

MR. JAMES ANDREWS, as will be seen by his card in our advertising columns, is desirous of obtaining the agency of a first class travelling troupe or "star." As he announces that he can furnish the best of references, we apprehend that this is an opportunity that those interested should avail themselves of. The gentleman's address is Box 26, Louisville, Ky.

DUBOIS' COMBINATION DRAMATIC COMPANY closed at Harrisburg on the evening of the 25th ult., with a complimentary benefit to Mr. S. C. Dubois. They next appear in Carlisle and Chambersburg.

AT THE LOUISVILLE THEATRE, McKean Buchanan and his daughter, Miss Virginia Buchanan, opened with a play called "London Assurance" on Monday evening, May 16th; Tuesday, "The Robbers;" Wednesday, "Used Up" and the "Moors in Spain;" Thursday, "Plebian's Daughter;" Friday, (joint benefit of Mr. and Miss Buchanan) "Pizarro" and "Rob Roy;" Saturday, "Flirtation" and the last act of "Richard III." Saturday evening was the occasion of the benefit of Mr. Delmon Grace, "The Yankee Comedian." Our correspondent, "Hidden Hand," says: "Mr. Grace had a very fair house, but not so large as I wished to see.....At Wood's Theatre, the German tragedian, Mr. Daniel Bandmann, commenced a short engagement of four nights on Monday, the 16th May, appearing in the "Merchant of Venice;" Tuesday, "Othello;" Thursday, "Richelieu;" Friday, "Hamlet." Wednesday evening was set apart for the annual benefit of the talented and rising young actress, Miss Adah Gray. The play selected for the occasion was "Ingomar, the Barbarian," she taking the character of "Parthenia;" and appearing in the comedy of the "Rifle Brigade" as "Mrs. Major Masterman" and "Captain Nugent No. 2." Miss Gray's "Parthenia" was as fine a piece of acting as we have ever had the pleasure of witnessing. The "Ingomar" of the rising young actor, Mr. J. H. Albaugh, was rendered in a style superior to that of many other actors of higher pretensions. In our opinion, Miss Gray and Mr. Albaugh are much better actors than one half the stars now traveling throughout the country, and, to tell the truth, Louisville had much rather see them take the star parts of some good old play, than to see two thirds of the stars that visit our "City of the Falls." At the end of the first play Miss Gray was called out and presented with a fine gold watch and chain, valued at about three hundred and fifty dollars, and a splendid boquet, the flowers of which were intermixed with "greenbacks" to the amount of two hundred and forty, as a slight token of the esteem in which Miss Gray is held by the people of Louisville. On the case of the watch is the single word "Remember," set in brilliants, and Miss Gray, taking that word for her text, returned her thanks in a neat and appropriate speech.....Saturday evening, the benefit of Mrs. Nichols occurred. The play selected was the far-famed "Hidden Hand," Mrs. Nichols taking the character of "Marah Roche," and sustaining it with great credit to herself.....Mr. & Miss Buchanan are re-engaged at the Louisville Theatre, opening with the play of the "Octoroon."....At Wood's Theatre, the versatile actress Miss Helen Western is engaged, and appears on Monday, May 23d, as "Our Female American Cousin," and "Gertrude," in the polite comedy of the "Loan of a Lover."

AT THE BUFFALO, N. Y., THEATRE, J. H. Wallack, E. L. Davenport and Fanny Davenport, closed a successful week's engagement on the 28th ult.

IN CHICAGO, theatricals, during the the past week, were very successful, being one of the most brilliant of the season. Our correspondent "Claude," writing on the 26th of May, says, "At McVicker's, Laura Keene opened on the 23d inst., in "She Stoops to Conquer," and was greeted with a splendid house. Levick, Dyott and Peters, were in fine trim, and everything passed off agreeably. Levick and Peters didn't exactly stick to the text, but their "gags" were good. The farce of the "Smiths and Browns" followed, in which Manager Myers met with a fine reception from his many friends. On the 24th, "Rachel the Reaper" was brought out, and was well received. To-night we are to have "Old Heads and Young Hearts," and on Monday, the 30th, "The Sea of Ice." The new company, as far as I have seen, is good, and, with good pieces, is sure to draw good houses. Couldock and daughter are the "stars" opening on the 6th prox.....At the Museum, "London Assurance" was produced on the 23d, and passed off rather tamely. Mrs. Ferrin, as "Lady Gray," was good. Bradley reminded me of Mark Smith as "Sir Harcourt," which, of course, means good. A'Becket as "Meddle" was pretty clever. As for the rest, the least said the better. On the 25th was given "Leap Year." "Up at the Hills" is in preparation.

THE ROUSE DRAMATIC COMBINATION was performing at Williamsport, Pa., last week.

J. C. MYERS finished a short but profitable season in Milford, Mass., May 20th, and was to open in Newport, June 1st. The co-partnership existing between Messrs. Myers and Murray has been dissolved, and Mr. Myers is now re-organizing his company for an eastern tour. Arrangements have already been made by him with several first-class stars, who will appear in Portland, Bangor, &c. Miss Kate Reignolds, of the Boston Museum Company, will play with his company, in Portland, during the season. Mr. W. W. Pratt has recently joined the company as actor and dramatist, and will produce, in Newport, his new sensation drama of "Out-of-Prison," a companion to the "Ticket-of-Leave-Man. "Yankee Locke" will also make an eastern tour with the company during the summer.

THE TACON BALLET AND PANTOMIME TROUPE, under the management of James Pilgrim, is performing this week at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, opening there on the 30th ult. The company consists of the following: M'lle Eva Brent, M'lle Marie Bertha, M'lle Colletti, M'lle M. Florence, M'lle Lehman, M'lle Katarina, M'lle Conrade, M'lle Lorenze, M'lle Weinchinus, M'lle Ida Fladita, M'lle Pinsot, M'lle Rosara, Mr. G. W. Smith, Sig. R. Siner, Sig. Coline, Mons. Grimaldi, Wiethoff, J. R White, Herr Stradler, Mr. James Pilgrim, Mr. H. Kelly, Mr. E. Preble, Sig. Paulo, Mr. J. Wild, Mr. E. Wray, Her Revoux, and a grand corps de ballet.

JOSEPH PROCTOR continues at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, another week, "Gio" being produced on the 30th ult. Among the stars that are to perform there before the end of the season are Kate Vance and Miss Denin. The season will close on the 4th of July. In the meantime there are to be several benefits, among which will be a complimentary one to Manager Willard by the Howard company. The theatre is to be renovated during the vacation—about six weeks.

Miss ALICE PLACIDE, the pleasing American actress, was to commence an engagement with Messrs. O'Harra & Hill, at their theatre in Syracuse, on the 31st of May. This lady may be engaged through Messrs. Conner & Co., No. 25 West Houston st.

EDWIN FORREST terminated his engagement at Ford's Baltimore Theatre on the 27th ult. His greatest triumph was Coriolanus.

THE WEBB SISTERS are at Ford's Baltimore Theatre this week, opening on the 30th ult., in Planche's musical extravaganza of the "Invisible Prince," and the farce of "In and Out of Place."

THE ENGAGEMENT of Zoe at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, has proved flatteringly successful. On Monday evening, the 30th ult., she was to appear as Vanderdecken, in the nautical drama of the "Flying Dutchman." This character is well adapted to the display of her fine pantomimic powers, and she will no doubt do it ample justice. Mr. E. Lay sustains the part of Lieut. Modray, and other characters are well distributed. Mr. D. G. Spear, appears as Solon Shingle, in the farce of the "People's Lawyer."

MISS KATE VANCE, the equestrienne and melodramatic actress who has just concluded a successful engagement at the New Bowery Theatre in this city, is to appear at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, June 20th. Messrs. Conner & Co. of this city are her agents.

EDWIN ADAMS remains at Cleveland this week and opens in St. Louis next week, bringing his season to a close on the 2d of July.

DAN BRYANT, at the close of his season in this city, plays a one week's engagement at the Buffalo Theatre, for which he receives a guarantee of $1,000. Mr. Bryant plays Handy Andy with a white face.

THE GROSS RECEIPTS of Barney Williams' late engagement at the Brooklyn Opera House reached nearly five thousand dollars, instead of two thousand, as stated in our last.

MR. BARNEY WILLIAMS requests us to state that the Irish drama of "Macarthy Moore, or Possession Nine Points of the Law," was not written for Mr. Drew, as the management of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, state on their programmes. Mr. Williams says that he purchased the right of performing the drama in this country from Mr. Samuel Lover, for which privilege he paid the sum of two hundred dollars. The drama was written by Mr. Lover, but not for any particular person.

CHARLIE WILKINSON was drafted for the second time at Worcester, Mass., last week.

"CUDJO'S CAVE" was to be brought out at the Pittsburgh Theatre on the 30th ult., with Mr. Loveday as Pomp, Charlie Wilkinson as Pepperill, Lillie Martin as Carl the Dutchboy, Ward as Toby, and Kate Rynar as Virginia.

THE RESTRICTION ON TRAVEL betwixt Baltimore and Fortress Monroe is so imperative that Clarke has not succeeded in meeting his engagement at the Norfolk Opera House. Last week the management depended upon the merits of the stock company for attracting, but their efforts have not been properly appreciated. Mr. Glenn, the lessee and manager, is exerting himself to the utmost with the "powers that be," to enable him to present the triple attraction —Clarke and Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Walcot, Jr.

THE RICHMOND THEATRE, Va., has been closed in consequence of all the actors having been forced into the militia.

AT DUFFIELD & FLYNN'S Nashville Theatre, Alfred Stewart was the recipient of a benefit May 23d.

SAM RYAN AND KATE DENIN opened at the Old Nashville Theatre on the 24th ult., and have been doing a pretty good business.

EMILY JORDAN and Harry Courtaine have been added to the company at the Metropolitan, San Francisco. "Jaquette; or, The Mysteries of Fontelle Hall," was to be produced May 2d. The cast included Mesdames Emily Jordan, E. F. Stewart, Hunt, Hattie Johnson, Hinckley, and Jenny Arnot, and Messrs. Courtaine, J. H. Allen, G. W. Marsh, Mitchell, Hamilton, and the rest of the combination company.

THE OPERA is said to be the best paying institution in the whole round of amusements of San Francisco, considering that but one performance a week is given. On its first representation, "Norma" drew two thousand and fifty dollars.

THE LATEST arrivals in San Francisco were

your routes, gentlemen. It won't do to run too near together in country towns.

OUR ACCOUNTS from the Bailey Circus Company leave us to believe that they are taking in the coin in Iowa. They have "a field to themselves" and are "going it alone."

MELVILLE'S AUSTRALIAN CIRCUS was at Galena, Ill., May 27th.

THE METROPOLITAN CIRCUS was at Genesco, N. Y., on the 24th and Rochester on the 25th ult. The company goes thence direct West, stopping at Dunkirk.

STONE, ROSTON & Co's Indian Circus was at Mt. Pleasant, Pa., on the 28th ult., and was to show at Great Bend on the 30th; thence to Binghampton, N. Y., on the 1st of June. The show then steers for the West, expecting to show at Buffalo on or about the 4th of July.

YANKEE ROBINSON'S SHOW was at Dixon, Ill., on the 25th ult.

VAN AMBURGH & Co.'s MENAGERIE exhibits at Milford, May 30th; at Natick, May 31st; at Northboro, 1st of June; at Worcester, 2d; at Brookfield, 3d; at Palmer, 4th; and at Springfield, 6th of June.

MRS. CHARLES WARNER'S CIRCUS entered Harrisburg on the morning of the 26th of May, to show for two days, 26th and 27th; the first day, however, they did not show, the rain washing them out.

GARDINER & HEMMINGS' CIRCUS, was at Pittsburgh, Pa., three nights last week, closing there on the 25th.

THAYER, NOYES & Co.'s CIRCUS with Van Amburgh & Co.'s Western Menagerie, exhibit at New Comerstown, Ohio, 1st June; Coshocton, 2d; Dresden, 3d; Zanesville, 4th; Lexington, 6th; Logan, 7th; Athens, 8th; Plymouth, 9th; and Marietta, 10th of June.

THE CIRCUS organization under the immediate management of Mrs. Charles Warner, is on the top wave of success. Charley Castle, the agent, writing to us on the 28th ult., gives us his route ahead as follows:—Sunbury, Pa., May 30th; Shamokin, 31st; Cattawissa, June 1st; Danville, 2d; Milton, 3d; Muncey, 4th; Williamsport, 6th; Jersey Shore, 7th; Lockhaven, 8th; Bellefonte, 9th; Phillipsburg, 10th; Clearfield, 11th; Punxatawney, 13th; Brookville, 14th; Clarion, 15th; Franklin, 16th; Oil City, 18th; Titusville, 19th; and so on into York State.

L. B. LENT'S EQUESCURRICULUM was at Dowagiac, Mich., on the 30th, and Niles the 31st ult. The show is advertised ahead as follows:—South Bend, Ind., June 1st; La Porte, 2d; Valparaiso, 3d; Crown Point, 4th; and Chicago, Ill., on the 6th, where the party remains three days.

THE SETH B. HOWES' European Circus, we are informed, have had very poor luck with their performing lions, having lost two by death, and another one is daily expected to kick the bucket. The concern will be at Terre Haute, Ind., on the 8th inst.

DAN RICE'S GREAT SHOW exhibits in Philadelphia all this week. Kate Ormond and Ferdinand Tourniaire are with this company.

Miscellaneous.

THE ALLEGHANIANS VOCALISTS AND SWISS BELL RINGERS were in Detroit, Thursday, May 26th. They are now returning from one of the most successful tours West that has ever been known to any concert company. In our exchanges it is the old story, "full houses and people turned away." We are always glad to chronicle the good success of this truly meritorious troupe.

LOOK OUT, showmen, for Marshall, Michigan. Licence for Concerts $5, and thirty-six *dead head* tickets, for the families of the "dead beat" aldermen, etc. Charlie Fuller, agent of the Lent circus concern, paid $50 licence and had to *"come out"* with the 36 "Comps" for officials.(?) Poor devils, it's all they get for being city officers. Battle Creek is now "open;" shows can go into the town; licence has been reduced.

OSSIAN E. DODGE AND WILLIAM HAYWARD had struck a rich *lode* in the mountains of California, and had found *color* in every town. They were at Downieville, April 28th and 29th, Forrest City, 30th, and Nevada City, May 2d.

THE BOHEMIAN GLASS BLOWERS commenced blowing at St. Paul, Minnesota, on the 16th ult., for one week.

THE HARMONIE SOCIETY gave their last vocal and sentimental concert at Merrill Hall, Detroit, Monday evening, May 23d. Their concerts have been very popular.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP with her daughter and Prof. Sedgwick were concertizing along the Michigan Central R. R., last week; business *feeble*, owing to being in the midst of circuses, minstrel troupes, bell ringers, etc.

TWO SPACIOUS AND COSTLY PUBLIC HALLS are in progress of erection in Chicago. The one to be erected by Mr. Lombard is to be built of Athens marble, four stories high, and surmounted with a mansard or French roof. The lower portion of the edifice will be used for mercantile purposes; the upper part will be one of the largest public halls in that city. It will be 68 feet wide and 135 feet long, and will be richly ornamented. It will be furnished with gallery, stage and convenient ante-rooms, and will be approached by a wide and handsome stair-case. No expenses will be spared to make it the finest public hall in Chicago. The entire cost of the structure has been estimated at $150,000. The other is being built by the well known firm of Smith & Nixon. It will be of the Florentine style of architecture, and in beauty will undoubtedly surpass any public building in Chicago. The entrance to the hall will be 16 feet in width, leading into a spacious corridor, and having on each side two handsomely ornamented stone columns, with triple arches overhead. Above the stone columns will rise ornamental iron pilasters, surmounted by a circular pediment connecting the pilasters. Within the pediment will be placed a clock, above which will be the words "Smith & Nixon Hall," in cut stone. Between each store and rising to the roof will be ornamented iron pilasters, also surmounted by pediments, but smaller in dimensions than the one already referred to. Over the principal entrance will be a neat but substantial balcony, which can be used on public occasions. The entire front will be encircled with an elaborate cornice, broken at intervals by the pediments. The windows front will be circular topped, of cut stone, with carved mullions and capitals. The large hall on the first floor, which is designed for a concert or lecture room, will be 67 feet wide by 100 feet long. The ceiling will be 35 feet from the floor, and the room will be lighted from the roof. The hall will be fitted with stage, parquet and gallery, and will be capable of accommodating an audience of 1,600 persons. The stage will be set in an elliptic niche, so that the sound will be thrown forward through the hall. The room will be tastefully frescoed and thoroughly ventilated. The ante-rooms and dressing-rooms will be easy of access from the main hall. The entire height of the building will be 58 feet. The entire structure has been estimated at a cost of between $70,000 and $80,000, and it is anticipated it will be completed and ready for occupation by the 1st of October next.

PERHAPS THEY DON'T KNOW how to appreciate good singing, or to write a good notice of a good singer in California, and then again perhaps they do! The editor of the *Mariposa Gazette* speaks as follows:—"William Hayward is considered the best ballad singer in the United States, and we think justly too: his intonations are clear, full and sweet, and every word in the song distinctly spoken. No mouthing or swallowing of words, as is usually the case among so called good vocalists, is noticeable with Mr. Hayward."

THE PEAK FAMILY OF BELL RINGERS (W. H. Peak, Jr., manager,) are now *laying up* on their beautiful farm in Niles, Michigan. Business with this company has been very prosperous during the season.

SOME JOLLY sport came off the other day between Abbott, agent of the Charlie Morris party, Sam Pond and Tom Green, agents of Duprez and Green party, and Cole, treasurer of Mabie's show. They all *met* at Beloit, Wis., thought they'd spend a day at *pond* fishing for pickerel; Abbot was not as *green* at the "biz." as the rest of the boys; he pulled them in by scores, and one weighing 16 pounds. So says the man who carried the "fish and things."

SEARL THE WIZARD is again *en route* Southwest. He was in Chicago last week.

J. C. GOODHUE, agent of the Peak Family, has sailed for California.

THE HOFFMAN AND VARIAN CONCERT TROUPE gave three very successful concerts in St. Paul, Minn., closing on the 18th. They will return East after visiting Minneopolis, and expect to be in New York about July.

J. ALEXANDER, the advance agent for Messrs. Dodge and Hayward, was about to leave them, as he had a prior engagement with John Wilson, the California circus manager. Aleck's geniality and through knowledge of California, Oregon and Nevada, has gained him the reputation of being one of the best agents in the State. Wilson's Circus was to leave San Francisco about the middle of May.

HITCHCOCK has closed again in Harrisburg.

GRANDFATHER PIKE'S OLD FOLKS were in Syracuse, N. Y., on the 27th and 28th ult.

SANDFORD'S HALL, Harrisburg, was opened on the evening of the 26th by Signor Wyman, the Ventriloquist and Magician, who was drawing good houses.

ON THE EVENING of the 1st of June, Brandt's Hall, Harrisburg, Pa., will be opened for one night by the Spanish Magicienne, Senorita Isabel Salada, assisted by Kanen Key-Lila Satrip.

MADAM SEIMINSKI, assisted by Mr. Ernest Zoeller, gave a concert at Masonic Temple, Louisville, Ky., on the 21st.

J. INSCO WILLIAMS' Panorama of the Bible was at Paterson, N. J., last week, and closed there on the 30th ult.

BALL'S COLOSSEUM was advertised to be at Cape Vincent, N. Y., on the 31st ult., thence to Theresa June 2d, Antwerp 3d, and at Ogdensburg on the 8th.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE is at Springfield, Mass., three nights this week, commencing on the 30th ult.

SAM HAGUE, the well known clog dancer, has retired from the profession for the time being, and has now become mine host of the "Champion Shades," opposite Mechanics' Hall, Utica, N. Y. His many friends of New York and other cities should not neglect giving "Samivel my boy" a call when they travel that way; more particularly if they wish to procure a wee drop of the best, or a real imported cigar. See advertisement in another column.

GRANDFATHER PIKE'S Old Folks were at Doolittle Hall, Oswego, on the 26th ult.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE Troupe will perform at Meriden, Conn., June 2d, and New Haven 3d and 4th. Business has been so great with this company all through the New England States, that manager Carter has resolved to go right over the same route, visiting all the principal towns on the Boston and Maine Railroad from Portland to Boston, and up through the cotton towns of New Hampshire.

LA RUE'S WAR SHOW was to unroll at Bridgeport, Conn, May 31st, for four days, and from thence was to go to Waterbury, Conn.

MR. JOSEH M. WILLETT died in Milwaukee, May 23d, leaving a young wife only eighteen years of age. Mr. Willett's disease was consumption. He began his career in the show business in 1851 with the Peak Family of Bell Ringers. After leaving them he was Agent for the Chinese Jugglers. Leaving them, he went into the side show business, and at the time of his death was in comfortable circumstances, that is, in a pecuniary point of view.

THE HERNANDEZ RAVEL TROUPE are to be at Springfield, Mass., on June 8th and remain three days.

THE BAKER ENGLISH OPERA Troupe were to be at New Haven, Conn, on the 30th ult., and were to remain two days.

J. D. NEWCOMB, the well-known advertising agent has started out with a show of his own, consisting of Prof. Eugene Allyne, the escamoteur, and Mad. Allyne, the second sight medium. On the 30th ult., he opened in East Boston at Summer Hall, and was to remain three nights. He then visits Chelsea for three nights. Business has been good since he started out.

Amateur.

THE LADIES and gentlemen of Buffalo have inaugurated amateur theatricals for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission. They gave three performances at the Buffalo Opera House last week.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

MR. WM. SEARLE died in London, May 9th, in his forty-ninth year. He filled the position of stage-manager of the City of London Theatre with great credit to himself and advantage to the management for nearly fourteen years. He afterwards occupied the post of stage-manager at Astley's. Mr. Searle was an admirable "character" actor.

IN a letter from Madame Ristori, given by the *Journal des Debats*, we read: "I still lead a wandering life, which does not always displease me. While I am traveling, I study and I search, in the hopes of finding a new part. Alas! poets are rarities. Happily, I have found a new poet, called Ferrari, the worthy heir of Goldoni * * * * who has made for me expressly a comedy, in verse, in which one is not always laughing, *La Donna e lo Scettico* (The Lady and the Sceptic.) This time I play the part of a mother; it is really superb, and touches all the chords of passion. I am playing it just now, not without a certain success, but assuredly with the utmost delight." Madame Ristori mentions, among other plans, one of a visit to Paris at no distant period, in order to play the part of the Antigone of Sophocles, with the choruses of Mendelssohn.

AMONG the many great and good qualities belonging to the profession, "Charity" holds one of bright and glorious prominence, which is evinced at intervals, when calamity or misfortune comes suddenly upon its members. The latest we have to record is the sympathy evinced since death has snatched Sam Cowell suddenly away. Prof. J. Anderson, the "Wizard of the North," lately organized a benefit at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, to assist the funds now being collected for the widow and children of the late vocalist, and has remitted to the London Committee the handsome sum of £30 (half the receipts of the house being paid to the manager). The entire expenses of printing, advertising, posting, costumes, &c., amounting to £7 or £8, were paid by the Professor out of his own pocket. Mr. Anderson appeared as Rob Roy upon the occasion, assisted by the members of his family, Miss Lizzie Anderson, who sustained the part of Robert: Miss Flora Anderson, that of Hamish, with song; and Miss Louise enacted Mattie. The latter young lady also spoke a beautiful and poetical address, written by herself for the occasion. We may add that Mr. Anderson proposes, if possible, to give his services in Glasgow, for a similar purpose. The Concert in London will take place on June 7th, at the St. James's Hall, when Mr. Sims Reeves, Madame Parepa, M. Benedict, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, Mr. G. Perren, and other great *artistes* give their gratuitous services.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE, London, continues the successful career of the new comedy entitled "David Garrick," in which Mr. Sothern has as satisfactorily established his reputation as an actor whose capacity is not restricted to Dundreary embodiments.

THE OLYMPIC, London, has produced Tom Taylor's long-promised piece, called "Sense and Sensation," but retains the "Ticket-of-Leave-Man" still on the programme.

THE STRAND has a new comedietta, by Mr. J. P. Wooler, called "The Maid of Honor," in which Mr. Swanborough appears. The new burlesque of "Mazourka" occupies a prominent place in the programme; and, besides these attractions, Mr. Thomas Thorne has made his *debut* in a new farce by Mr. Byron, called "Timothy to the Rescue."

THE ST. JAMES is playing Mr. Boucicault's new comedy of "The Fox Chase."

THE ADELPHI continues to present Miss Bateman as Leah; but, after a career of seven months, the engagement of that lady is now announced to terminate on the 11th of June. "Shakespeare's House" and "The Area Belle" are the other pieces.

THE NEW ROYALTY finds Mr. Burnard's new burlesque of "Rumpelstiltskin" sufficiently attractive to render any alteration unnecessary.

AT ASTLEY'S a new drama by Mr. Edward Stirling will shortly be produced.

THE Public GARDENS in London announce the beginning of the season of *al fresco fetes* and grand galas. The Crystal Palace has its special Whitsuntide amusements, Cremorne Gardens furnish an abundance of entertainment, and Highbury Barn and the other places of attractive resort invite the Londoner to out-door enjoyment.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN made their reappearance in Melbourne, Australia, on the 7th of March, at the Haymarket in "King John." Their short engagement at Balaarat was most successful. Notwithstanding that the prices were doubled, the house was nightly crowded with throngs eager to see the gifted performers of whom they had heard so much. On the 5th of March they played for the benefit of the Manager, Mr. Hoskins, and the theatre was again crammed. After the first piece was over, the curtain rose and disclosed two groups upon the stage, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Kean on one side, and a number of gentlemen on the other, including Mr. Le Poer Trench, who read and presented a testimonial to Mr. and Mrs. Kean and the nugget purchased for the occasion, valued at 100 guineas. The nugget was a specimen of gold and quartz, found about six months ago in New Chum Gully, and purchased by the presentation committee for 100 guineas. The specimen measures 4½ by 3½ inches, and is of a rough oval shape, the intermixture of white quartz and pure bright gold being very beautiful.

THE IMMEDIATE cause of Meyerbeer's death is principally attributed to his acceptance of a dinner invitation eight days previously, the symptoms of the complaint which finally carried him off having already set in, although not in an aggravated form. A few hours before expiring he requested his attendants to turn him in his bed, and he then exclaimed, "How well I feel now!" and those were his last audible words. During his illness he corrected in bed the copies of the scoring of the "Africaine," so that it may be said he worked at his beloved Art till the very last moment. One of the clauses of his will was to the effect that a certain sum should be given to attendants for watching beside his body in Paris during four days, and to a surgeon for opening one or two veins on the fourth day. Similar precautions against premature interment are not uncommon in Germany, where several well-authenticated cases have occurred of revival from assumed death, and we recollect reading, a few years ago, the will of a foreign nobleman, who mentioned therein, as a well-known fact, that his maternal uncle was on the point of being consigned to the family vault, when a noise was heard in the coffin, and the occupant taken out alive. It was added that he lived twelve years longer.

THERE WAS AN UNUSUAL SCENE at the St. James Theatre, May 13th, after the close of Mr. Boucicault's new comedy, "The Fox Chase." Mr. Webster had inserted in the bills a paragraph to the effect that this comedy having been sold to Mr. Webster as "new and original," it had been so announced, but that the author had since written to acknowledge that the idea of the piece was taken from M. Melesville's play of "Sullivan," an adaptation of which is now being performed at the Haymarket, under the title of "David Garrick." The announcement seemed to have given offence in certain quarters; for, when the curtain dropped and there was the usual call for "the author," his non-appearance was the signal for vehement hissing, directed rather against the management, as it seemed, than the author, and for loud cries that the management had done all it could to damage the chances of the play. The clamor provoked counter-clamor—part of the house evidently believing that the row was got up by parties sent in for the purpose—and the storm had waxed loud, and seemed to threaten to grow louder, when Mr. Charles Mathews restored good humor by declaring that the author was not in the house, but that no doubt he soon would be, for they had telegraphed for him to Liverpool.

MDLLE. PATTI has just come of age. One of her first acts has been to settle 6,000 francs each upon her parents.

THE MANAGERS of the Paris Hippodrome the other day offered a piece called the Calabrias, or the Brigande Cipriano and Giona. This lionizing of the two conspirators against Louis Napoleon was too much for the audience, who tore up the seats, and made an otherwise very respectable-sized row in the house.

ENGLISH PAPERS are telling a story about the Shakespeare Oak-planting at Primrose Hill, London. The Committee had designed to call the locality Shakespeare Hill, which name was much buzzed about during the ceremonies. An eminently practical cockney, hearing this, exclaimed "Shakespeare Hill?—why, I thought he was dead!"

AMUSEMENTS.

FOX'S OLD BOWERY THEATRE.
Lessee, Director and Manager.....G. L. FOX
MONDAY AND TUESDAY, May 30 and 31,
The new English Drama,
ST. JAMES AND ST. GILES.
ST. JAMES AND ST. GILES.
MR. J. B. STUDLEY.....as.....The Hero.
MISS R. DENVIL.....as.....The Heroine.
Other Characters by the Company.
By Request,
CELESTE'S GREAT PIECE,
THE FRENCH SPY.
MISS FANNY HERRING,
In Three Splendid Characters.
HENRI ST. ALME, a French Officer;
HAMET, a Wild Arab;
MATILDE DE MERIC.
MR. G. L. FOX.....as.....Tony Bavard.
To conclude with
JACK ROBINSON AND HIS MONKEY. 8

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
MONDAY EVENING, MAY 30, 1864.
Engagement for Six Nights Only, of
MR. EDWIN BLANCHARD,
and his wonderful performing Dogs,
CARLO AND BRUIN.
This evening—The Romantic Drama of
THE FOREST OF BONDY; or, THE DOG OF MONTARGIS.
Landri.....MR. BLANCHARD.
Aubri.....MR. MARDEN. | Bertrand..MR. G. BROOKES,
Ursula.....MRS. W. G. JONES. | Eloi.....MISS HATHAWAY.
N. B. CLARKE'S Scottish Drama of
KENNETH:
OR, THE WEIRD WOMAN OF THE GLEN.
MR. G. C. BONIFACE.....as.....Kenneth.
The Comic Farce of
THE WANDERING MINSTREL.
MR. G. BROOKES.....as.....Jem Bags.
MR. G. LINGARD.....as.....Hubert Carol.
MISS KATE NEWTON.....as.....Peggy.

HELLER'S! HELLER'S! HELLER'S!
SALLE DIABOLIQUE.
No. 585 Broadway, opposite Niblo's.

HELLER	Mystifies.	HELLER
HELLER	Jokes.	HELLER
HELLER	Plays the Piano.	HELLER
HELLER	Performs	HELLER
HELLER	Illusions.	HELLER
HELLER	Executes	HELLER
HELLER	Pianoforte Solos.	HELLER
HELLER	Perpetrates	HELLER
HELLER	Puns.	HELLER
HELLER	Is	HELLER
HELLER	Always	HELLER
HELLER	At	HELLER
HELLER	Home.	HELLER
HELLER	Cannot	HELLER
HELLER	Be	HELLER
HELLER	Found	HELLER
HELLER	Out.	HELLER
HELLER	Is	HELLER
HELLER	Another	HELLER
HELLER	Houdin.	HELLER
HELLER	Is Artemus Ward No. 2.	HELLER
HELLER	Is Thalberg on Broadway.	HELLER
HELLER	Is Great.	HELLER
HELLER	Is Good.	HELLER

Doors open every evening at 7½; Commences at 8.
Box office open daily from 10 till 4.
Seats should be secured beforehand.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, AT 2 P. M. 8-1t

LOUIS AND HENRI VITO,
The Distinguished Young
CONJURORS,
Will shortly appear in their unrivaled Entertainment entitled
DIABOLIANA.
NEW TRICKS,
NEW APPARATUS,
EVERYTHING ORIGINAL.
Entirely eclipsing all Hellerisms, Herrmann, Simmons, etc.
Due Notice will be given of their Initial Soiree. 8-1t*

DON SANTIAGO GIBBONOISE, the best CONTORTIONIST ever seen in America, is ready to negotiate with Circus Managers, as well as Music Hall Proprietors, for the summer and fall seasons. He may be addressed in care of the NEW YORK CLIPPER. 8-2t*

AMUSEMENTS.

CANTERBURY HALL,
WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.
GEORGE LEA.....Proprietor.
W. B. CAVANAGH.....Stage Manager.
JOS. BRAHAM.....Leader of Orchestra.

THE PIONEER
THE PIONEER
MUSIC PALACE
MUSIC PALACE
OF WASHINGTON.
THE IMMENSE SUCCESS
which has marked the career of the
GREAT CANTERBURY,
during its four years of existence in the
NATIONAL CAPITAL,
IS THE
MOST DEMONSTRATIVE EVIDENCE
OF ITS
UNEQUALLED POPULARITY
AMONG
THE MASSES
who unite in bestowing upon it the
DIGNIFIED TITLE
OF THE
MODEL AMUSEMENT TEMPLE
OF
THE METROPOLIS.
We need no vain boast of Superiority to proclaim to the
PLAY GOING PUBLIC
That there is more
ORIGINALITY AND VERSATILITY
Combined in our
CONGRESS OF ARTISTS
Than is to be found in any
SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT
IN THIS COUNTRY.
To which end we cordially
INVITE COMPARISON AND DEFY COMPETITION.
The great success of the CANTERBURY is owing in a great measure to the fact that the Manager is guided in his selection of attractions, not by the OUTLAY but by a determination to please an
INTELLIGENT AND GENEROUS PUBLIC.
Thus he engages none but
THE VERY BEST TALENT,
REGARDLESS OF EXPENDITURE.
The Programme each night abounds in the choicest collection of

SONGS,	DRAMAS,
DANCES,	COMEDIES,
BURLESQUES,	FARCES,
BANJO SOLOS,	PANTOMIMES,
NEGRO ECCENTRICITIES,	BALLETS,
&c., &c., &c.	&c., &c., &c.

Arranged with special care to
SUIT THE TASTES OF ALL,
AND PLEASE
THE MOST FASTIDIOUS.
The list of Performers now engaged at the Canterbury, embraces the names of some of the
BRIGHTEST STARS IN THE PROFESSION,
viz.:
MLLE MARIETTA RAVEL,
The beautiful Spanish Danseuse and Tight Rope Performer.
MONS. BAPTISTIN,
With his new Ballet Troupe of Sixteen Beautiful Young Ladies.
DON. SANTIAGO GIBBONNOISE,
The world renowned Contortionist.
THE CELEBRATED ETHIOPIAN COMEDIANS,
JOHN MULLIGAN,
BILLY WEST,
J. J. DOUGHERTY,
W. H. WILLIAMS.
MISS JENNIE ENGEL,
The Charming Vocalist.
MISS NAOMI PORTER, and MISS NELLY HOWARD,
The celebrated Female Jig Dancers.
THE FORREST SISTERS, JENNIE and ESTELLE.
MOLLIE FENTON, LUCY & EMMA GARDNER, VICTORIA ROSS,
KITTY LEE and FANNY MAY,
NELLIE WHITE, LUCY CLIFTON, EMMA SCHELL,
&c., &c., &c., &c.
Forming in all an array of talent,
EQUALLED BY FEW, AND EXCELLED BY NONE.
N. B.—FIRST CLASS TALENT ALWAYS WANTED
Address GEORGE LEA, Canterbury,
Washington, D. C.

ANSWER TO TIMOHTY HAYES, the Gentleman.
In answer to this "magnanimous" youth, who no doubt received his first breathings at Trinity, Oxford, on the Seven Dials, he still appears to labor under some delusion or mistake, caused probably by the powerful alcoholic stimulants of Indiana. I did not accept his challenge, I gave the original, which was not answered by him directly, but in an indirect manner. He issued a card to be published challenging the whole world, if in good faith, his check for the amount should have been magnanimously forwarded with his epistle. I thought a week sufficient time for my money to be covered, not thinking for a moment *Briarens* was so far distant, having been creditably informed as I thought, rusticating at Newport, R. I., enjoying the accumulated wealth so luckily amassed during his managerial experience in Baltimore. If he is still sincere in his challenge, forward the money and I will guarantee to cover it in less than 36 hours, but I do not feel disposed to allow a large sum to lie idle to suit the convenience of any gentleman be he ever so magnanimous. The abusive language, if I remember aright, was first introduced by Mr. Tim in allusion to Ham Fatters, Hop Lighters, &c., and as a courteous and good natured controversy would be thrown away upon an illiterate churl, I assumed the ungentlemanly, as he calls it, as when we deal with the associates of knucks, cock fighters, coal heavers and rat catchers, we have to descend in order to be understood by a party who has never had even a parish school education, and who delights in seeing his name on a printed paper. The name he may sign, but the article is written for him by some negro show ticket agent or village pedagogue, whose diminutive imagination is allowed to have full scope in the wording of a lame article for the defence of a classical expounder of vulgar slang phrases. Messrs. Delehanty and Ward, on whom our magnanimous friend showers such a tirade of abuse, are industrious, agreeable, and *sober*. Ward has done the state some service, and they know it"—served two years in a volunteer regiment, and was a prisoner in Richmond. One of his hands being disabled, he was compelled, for the support of a large family, to adopt the stage as a profession. He has proved himself a patriot, fought for his flag, and is entitled to the just esteem of his loyal countrymen—in fact, a very worthy young man, and not to be compared to a certain foreigner, who was continually boasting in bar rooms and brothels, and who skedaddled in a great hurry at one time from Baltimore when the enrolling officer came round. He should be more generous in the land where he gets a good livelihood, from $20 to $35 per week being far superior to 9 and 10 bob "at 'ome, you know." The allusion to peculiar exhibitions, I presume, means the representation of tableaux vivants. It may be peculiar in his eyes, but I found it very lucrative and attractive, and well patronized throughout the country, attended by the highest order of people under the management of Keller, Fletcher, and others. Our magnanimous friend Maccenas has played and danced in very peculiar places, also. The Coal Hole, Cat and Bagpipes, the Rat and Gridiron, and on more than one occasion, the parish workhouse. And I will ere long publish an extract from one of the western papers, where it emphatically states that the present exhibition of Tim is of the most peculiar description. So the public's most obedient servant, declining all further controversy, is it a lack of English or funds that suggest the propriety of such a course. If the former, I will lend him a scribe; if the latter, I can afford to be *magnanimous*, and will give you a space in my regular column of the CLIPPER. Try again, friend Tim.
8 GEORGE LEA.

AMUSEMENTS.

OLYMPIC, 622 and 624 Broadway,
Lessee and Directress.....MRS. JOHN WOOD.
Stage Manager.....J. H. SELWYN.
The Entertainments on MONDAY EVENING, MAY 30,
Will commence with for the first time this season, the laughable and highly popular Comic Play, in three acts, entitled
THE PET OF THE PETTICOATS,
On which occasion MRS. JOHN WOOD will appear as PAUL, played by her in New York with immense success; and also,
(BY EXPRESS DESIRE,) repeat her talented impersonation of
NINETTE,
THE PRETTY BARBER OF ISLINGTON,
in the laughable and amusing farce entitled
EASY SHAVING,
supported in both pieces by the entire strength of the Company.
MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 6,
after months of careful preparation, will be produced the Grand Romantic and Spectacular Drama,
ALADDIN,
in which MRS. JOHN WOOD and the entire Company appear.
Doors open at 7¼, performances commence at 7¾.
Seats secured three days in advance. 8

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Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY
THIS MONDAY EVENING, May 30, 1864,
THIRTEENTH NIGHT of the celebrated Lyric Artiste,
M'LLE. VESTVALI,
Who has won the highest encomiums for her most successful delineation of
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with the songs, "You are the Star" (words by S. R. Fiske Esq.), and "Brave Marco,"
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Pronounced by densely crowded and delighted audiences and the press generally, a superb and perfect production, with its Splendid Scenery, Costumes, Mechanism, and Appointments.
COMPLETE GRAND BALLET,
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GRAND TABLEAUX,
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THE ILLUMINATED GARDEN OPEN EVERY EVENING.
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INFORMATION OF JOHNNY PERRY is wanted by his son Edward, who is now in New York city, having just returned from California. Mr. John Perry was formerly a theatrical Book Agent, in Broadway, and subsequently was acting as Treasurer for a traveling company. Any information concerning him or his present whereabouts will be thankfully received.
Address EDWARD PERRY,
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J. TANNENBAUM, Leader of Skiff's Minstrels, and formerly of M. C. Campbell's Minstrels, will be open for an engagement on or about the 4th of June All correspondence may be addressed to J. TANNENBAUM, CLIPPER office. 8-2t*

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The great Equestrienne and Melodramatic Actress, will open at the
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Balcony Serenade each evening, previous to opening of the doors, by the
BRASS BAND.
For particulars see small bills.
The above talented Troupe is now on an extended tour, viz.: Pittsburgh, Pa., Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and West India Islands.
J. L. HARRIS, GEO. CLIFTON, } Sole Proprietors.
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SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS,

BRASS BAND,
AND
BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE,
unable to obtain a suitable hall in this city, will make an extensive tour in the West.
THE GREAT IRON CLADS
Will shortly appear at

BUFFALO,	CHICAGO,	LOUISVILLE,
TOLEDO,	ST. PAUL,	NASHVILLE,
DETROIT,	ST. LOUIS,	MEMPHIS.
MILWAUKIE,	CINCINNATI,	NEW ORLEANS,

Returning to the East next season.
SAM SHARPLEY, Manager and Proprietor.
C. A. BOYD, Leader of Orchestra.
E. T. BLACKMAN, Vocal Director.
FRANK BOWLES, Leader of Brass Band.
FRANK CILLEY, WM. H. DAVIS, CHAS. UNDERWOOD, } Advertising Agents.
4-6m

FORREST'S MINSTRELS.---The Only Original

FRANK FORREST'S MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND are now making their first tour North and East during the fitting up of their Opera House.
18 STAR PERFORMERS,
comprising the following familiar names:

FRED. HOFFMAN,	FRED. SHARPLEY,
JOHN McGUINESS,	NED TURNER,
J. FRIEDREICH,	HENRY BUTLER,
E. S. FARNSWORTH,	DICK PRIOR,
PROF. HARROLD,	J. H. JACKSON,
C. G. STANLY,	SAMUEL A. PORTER,
E. S. SULLIVAN,	MASTER JAMES,
E. JAMES KELLY,	MASTER JOHNNY,
FRANK FORREST,	P. H. HILL.

The SLITER BROTHERS, Masters James and Johnny, 11 years of age, appear each evening in their great act,
DOUBLE CLOG HORNPIPE.
The BEST BRASS BAND travelling, under the leadership of JOHN C. McGUINESS, plays each evening in front of the hall.
FRANK FORREST, Proprietor and Manager.
P. H. HILL, Artist. 7-tf

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WILL OPEN
THEIR
NEW HALL
199 and 201 BOWERY,
Opposite Spring Street,
ON OR ABOUT
JUNE 10th.
The most Elegant,
AND BY FAR THE BEST VENTILATED
TEMPLE OF AMUSEMENT
in the United States.
Full particulars in future announcements. 5-tf

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HARRISBURG, PA.
J. H. DONNELL.....Proprietor.
JOE MILLER.....Stage Manager.
HARRY WELLS.....Leader of Orchestra.
This popular place of amusement is now in full tide of success. It is the Largest and Best Company now in this city, acknowledged to be so by the public and also by the press. Performers of acknowledability, such as
SINGERS,
DANCERS,
ETHIOPIAN PERFORMERS,
GYMNASTS, &c.,
Will find it to their advantage to apply stating line of business, terms, &c., to
5-3m J. H. DONNELL, Box 39, Harrisburg, Pa.

TO SHOWMEN VISITING ALBANY.---To Rent,

the Large and Centrally located Lot of Ground on the corner of Hudson, Jay and Swan streets, Albany. Size 385 by 200 feet. Two entrances. GAS on the lot, and a large Chandelier with 80 burners, sufficient to light the largest Tent that can be furnished.
Water also on the premises. Apply to
H. BROWER,
4-3m on the premises

THE TALENTED YOUNG ARTISTES,

GEO. C. BONIFACE
and
MISS KATE NEWTON,
will commence their summer campaign at Buffalo on Monday, July 11th, 1864. Letters of negotiation for the ensuing fall and winter tour may be addressed to H. H. WALL,
Business Manager,
Care of W. C. Wemyss,
3-tf 575 Broadway, New York.

PITTSBURGH THEATRE.

Ladies and gentlemen wishing engagements for the coming season, opening about the middle of August, for eleven months, will please direct to
4-tf W. HENDERSON, Manager.

APOLLO THEATRE,

LEXINGTON, KY.
WEAVER & GOLDEN, Managers.
The above Theatre, altered and improved, will open for the regular season on Monday, Sept. 5th, 1864.
Ladies and Gentlemen of acknowledged talent desiring engagements from that date until the 4th of July inclusive, will apply as above.
FIRST CLASS STARS TREATED WITH ON LIBERAL TERMS. 4-3m

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS,

Cor. Summer and Chauncy streets,
BOSTON.
Entertainments Every Evening, and
48-3m* Saturday Afternoon.

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"HUDSON RIVER HOUSE,"
Catskill Point.
PLEASANT SUMMER RESORT
WITH GOOD ACCOMMODATIONS
FOR TRANSIENT AND PERMANENT BOARDERS.
☞ MEALS AT ALL HOURS. ☜
☞ Albany Day Boats, and Hudson Night Boats land in front of this House. Mountain House Stages start from the door, on the arrival of Trains and Boats.
The House is under the personal supervision of
2- J. T. HUNTLEY.

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WAYNE COUNTY, OHIO.
W. W. HAMILTON, Proprietor.
This spacious and newly fitted up establishment is now open for the Show folks and Travellers generally.
It is situated nearly in the centre of the city; has a dining room for eighty people; stabling for sixty horses, and shed room for fifty more.
The whole under the personal superintendence of that prince of hotel keepers, W. W. Hamilton. 4-5t*

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WOOSTER, OHIO.
E. D. ELY, Proprietor.
The very best accommodations for Travellers, Circus, Theatrical and Show People.
Stabling for 100 horses 4-3m*

THE WEBB SISTERS,

MISSES EMMA AND ADA.
Managers wishing to engage the services of these very talented Artists, for STAR Engagements, will address them care of
8-3m CLIPPER OFFICE, or 17 Nassau street, Brooklyn.

BELLA GOLDEN, the Popular Comedienne, Dan-

SEUSE and VOCALIST, will commence a starring tour in September. Managers wishing to engage her services will address to the care of Theatre, Lexington, Ky. 4-3m

TO MANAGERS.---A Gentleman who possesses

a fine Mezzo Soprano voice, which cannot be distinguished from a lady's, wishes a situation in some travelling or stationary troupe as Soprano Singer. Has also a scientific knowledge of Melodeon playing. Address
PERCY STANLEY,
Care Box 817,
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ROYCE HALL, Bloomington, Ill.---The most com-

fortable and Largest Hall in the City. Well supplied with Stage Scenery, Gas, and good Ventilation. Has an entrance on Main and Front streets. Direct to A. A. LAMB,
at Baughen's Music Store, Main street,
49-3m* Bloomington, Ill.

THEATRE ROYAL,

MONTREAL, CANADA.
TO LET, Nightly or weekly or arrangements will be made with any first class entertainment.
49-tf J. W. BUCKLAND, Lessee.

AMUSEMENTS.

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL,

514 BROADWAY,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
Proprietor, &c.....HENRY WOOD.
MONDAY, May 9, and every evening during the week,
OTHELLO.
Othello.....FRANK BROWER. | Desdemona...FRANK MORAN.
BROADWAY BELLE,
STOCKS UP,
FOUR CROWS,
REVIEW OF THE PAST,
THE GOBBLE FAMILY
COMIC BANJO SOLOS,
THE BLACK BRIGADE,
&c., &c., &c.
By FOX, BOYCE, BUDWORTH,
And the entire Troupe.
Doors open at 7. Commence at 8 o'clock.
Tickets 25 cents.
NOTICE.—No connection with any travelling company assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 8

AMERICAN THEATRE.

444 BROADWAY,
THE GRAND RESORT OF THE METROPOLIS,
A Succession of Crowded Houses Greet
BUTLER'S
GREAT COMBINATION TROUPE,
Every Night.
The most unanimous tokens of approval,
The Press and Public,
Unite in declaring it
THE GREAT VARIETY THEATRE OF THE AGE.
The company is Perfection in all its details.
THE MAMMOTH ETHIOPIAN TROUPE,
THE GREAT PANTOMIMIC TROUPE,
THE SPLENDID BALLET TROUPE,
In short, all that goes to make up
THE GIGANTIC COMPANY OF THE 19TH CENTURY.
An Entire Change of Programme Every Week.
R. W. BUTLER, Manager.
MONS. LA THORNE, Stage Manager.
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ANTONIO GROSSI, Ballet Master.
DAVID BRAHAM, Musical Director. 6-tf

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LATE "WALLACK'S."
BROADWAY CORNER OF BROOME STREET.
SECOND WEEK
OF MR. F. S.
CHANFRAU.
Who has achieved the most
PRONOUNCED SUCCESS
in his original impersonation of
BROTHER SAM,
In Charles Gayler's highly successful Comedy entitled
OUR AMERICAN COUSIN AT HOME.
Which is nightly received with
UNCONTROLLABLE MIRTH,
and the most
LAVISH APPLAUSE.
It will be repeated
MONDAY, AND EVERY EVENING,
untill further notice.
LORD DUNDREARY and BROTHER SAM, MR. CHANFRAU.

NEW MEMPHIS THEATRE.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., May 18th, 1864.
MR. AND MRS. C. HENRI
Having been maliciously assailed through the columns of the *Sunday Mercury* by a correspondent styling himself "Shooting Stick," in contradiction of his assertions we beg to state that Mr. and Mrs. C. Henri are still with us, occupying their old positions, Mrs. C. Henri as leading lady (an immense favorite) and Mr. C. Henri as pantomimist, &c.—two of the best and most versatile people we have ever had the pleasure to have under our management. They remain here to the end of our season.
Respectfully yours,
McDONALD & RAYFIELD,
8-3t* Lessees of New Memphis Theatre.

THE WEBB SISTERS tender their sincere thanks

to the unknown officers who sent, through the CLIPPER office, two handsome boats to their residence, 17 Nassau st., Brooklyn. 1t*

TO THEATRICAL MANAGERS.---

MR. EDWIN BLANCHARD and his celebrated DOG CARLO having returned from California, are now playing to crowded houses nightly at the New Bowery Theatre, New York, but will be disengaged after June 5th. Letters addressed as above will be punctually attended to. 8-1t*

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MANUFACTURER OF THE MOST APPROVED STYLES OF
WORKING AND DANCING CLOGS,
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Clogs wholesale and Retail, and sent to any part of the United States on receipt of price, dimensions of foot and size of boot worn.
PRICES—Red and Black Morocco Dancing Clogs, $3.50; Men's Working Clogs, from size 8 to 11, $2.25—from size 12 to 14, $2.50; Boots, according to length of leg, from $4.50 to $5.50. 8-2t*

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Price 20 cents each, six for $1, $1.75 per dozen.
Catalogues sent on receipt of red stamp by
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LA BELLA ESPAGNOLA.
THIS CELEBRATED SPANISH DANSEUSE AND
TIGHT ROPE ARTISTE,
is now performing a star engagement under the management of George Lea, in Washington, D. C.
Communications addressed to M. W. HANLEY, Agent,
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On receipt of $1 I will send three written Lessons on the Banjo or Jig Dancing. Banjos, superior to any in the country in tone and finish, on hand for sale, or sent to any address on receipt of the money. Prices from $10 upwards.
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TO MANAGERS.--Mr. James Andrews, better

known as "Handy Andy," of the "Sunday Mercury," is desirous of obtaining a situation as AGENT or BUSINESS MANAGER for a first class TRAVELING COMPANY or "STAR," for the coming season. Managers in need of such a person will do well to apply immediately. The best of references given and required. Address, with terms, JAMES ANDREWS,
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TO LET, by the day, week, or year, or FOR SALE. Building and scenery in good order. Address JAMES FRENCH,
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BETWEEN BROADWAY AND CROSBY STREET,
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TERTAINMENT, at Clinton Hall, 8th street, near Broadway, THURSDAY EVENING, June 2d, assisted by Madame S. A. Rosenthal, M'lle Weel, Miss Ettie Melville, Messrs. Arne, Harding, Guy, Frazer, Raynor, Shackleton, Jennings, Edwards, Byron, Robotham, and others. Tickets, 25 cents; Reserved Seats, 50 cents. Doors open at 7; commence at 8 P. M. For particulars, see small bills. 7-2t*

AUGUSTA OPERA HOUSE,

AUGUSTA, MAINE.
Sole Lessees and Proprietors.....S. E. BROWNE and G. W. PIKE
Will be completed on or about the 1st of August. The regular Dramatic Season will commence on or about the 1st of Sept. The present season will close in Newport, R. I., July 4th. All communications should be addressed to
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7-2t* Care of L. R. Pike, Box 3294, Boston, Mass.

MR. J. M. WARD, the Celebrated Irish Comedian,

now playing a most successful star engagement at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, will commence a
STAR ENGAGEMENT OF TWO WEEKS
on Monday, May 23d, at the Athenæum, Columbus.
Mr. Ward has several new Irish Dramas never produced upon the stage. Managers of Theatres wishing to negotiate with Mr. Ward will address HARRY LARWENCE, Manager,
7-2t* Columbus, Ohio.

TO MANAGERS.--Mr. C. J. HEARTWELL, now

playing at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, is prepared to negotiate for Leading Business for the ensuing Fall and Winter Season. All communications addressed as above will receive due attention. 7-2t*

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WILLIAMSBURGH, LONG ISLAND,
well known as the largest, most popular and superior Hall, located in the desirable portion of the city, completely furnished in elegant style, ante rooms, stage scenery, foot lights, &c. Capacity for 1000 people seated. To be rented for concerts, exhibitions, &c. Apply at the office on the premises, corner of Division Avenue and Clymer street, or address
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—A choice collection of progressively arranged Tunes, with all the necessary explanations and instructions, sent to any address. Choice and properly constructed Banjos selected for purchasers.
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MANAGERS and Actors generally, visiting New

York, should not fail to examine PAUL DE SPOTTE'S PRIZE MEDAL THEATRICAL WIGS. Assortment on hand and for sale cheap.
PAUL DE SPOTTE, Theatrical Wig Maker,
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These Billiard Tables have received the unqualified approval of the best players and most competent judges, who have universally pronounced them unequalled for general excellence and durability.
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We employ, in the construction of our tables, a variety of machines specially made for the purpose, by which means we are enabled to insure a scientific and mechanical accuracy hitherto unknown in billiard manufacture.
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The eminent French billiard player, M. Berger, has published the following opinion:
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